Isn't the GOP Dead?

50 CENTS
CDC

APRIL 20, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

James Jackson Kilpatrick Asks:

MUST WE REPEAL THE CONSTITUTION TO GIVE THE NEGRO THE VOTE?

JOAN DIDION on Norman Mailer's "An American Dream"

RICHARD A. WHALEN on J. J. Martin's "American Liberalism and World Politics"

FRANCIS RUSSELL on Andrew Sinclair's "The Available Man"

GUY DAVENPORT on J. R. R. Tolkien's "Tree and Leaf"

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ Mr. **James Jackson Kilpatrick,** from the fortress of constitutionalism, swoops down on the Johnson-Katzenbach voting rights bill and singles out quite enough weaknesses in it to justify its overwhelming defeat. What the bill seeks to accomplish could be otherwise and constitutionally accomplished, says Mr. Kilpatrick, who is of course the editor of the *Richmond News-Leader,* an author, a syndicated columnist, and a frequent patron of NATIONAL REVIEW.

➔ As the result of a sensationalized and unconscionable story in the *Herald Tribune,* New York simmered last week in Awe, Aghastness and Horror at what **William Buckley** reputedly told an audience of 6,000 New York policemen and at what the New York policemen reputedly cheered in Mr. Buckley's address. Demands were made that Mayor Wagner (who had been on the dais) rebuke the police; that Commissioner Murphy be fired; that WFB be hanged, etc., etc. No newspaper troubled itself to publish a single excerpt from the address that so greatly scandalized the delicate conscience of the city. And so we publish the address here, as of intrinsic interest to be sure, but primarily interesting as the story of a distortion.

➔ Wm. Buckley also writes about the special problems that confront the GOP. . . . Our experts on Communist penetration, **Laszlo Taubinger** and **Stella Musulin,** writing from Vienna, give us the word on a prominent Communist-dominated international labor union and a ditto youth group. . . . **Frank Meyer** examines the "paradigm" of Martin Luther King, which calls for violent opposition as a necessary dialectical reaction to his own nonviolent activity.

➔ **Joan Didion,** though sleeping in the sun in California, nevertheless got her day's work done, read through Norman Mailer's new novel. And liked it! It is, says Miss Didion, very like *Deer Park,* and *Deer Park* was a near perfect novel: which makes *An American Dream* a nearly near perfect novel. Miss Didion, as always, makes a strong case. . . . Professor **Harry Jaffa** of Claremont Men's College is a learned and acute political scientist who has written several books on the history and theory of the American republic, and reviews a recent work on the "Era of Reconstruction." He is also the author of possibly the most controversial political utterance since "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," having to do with extremism and the pursuit of virtue. . . . **Guy Davenport** of the University of Kentucky reviews enthusiastically the new novel by Tolkien. . . . **Francis Russell,** who has himself been working on Warren Harding, is agreeably surprised by the appearance of a very good political study of Harding by a young Englishman which should, assuming revisionism on a subject so deeply imbedded in the mythology is possible, do much to overthrow the notion of Harding as a political buffoon. Political buffoons don't get to be President. They may be buffoons *sub specie aeternitatis,* but they aren't, let's face it, *political* buffoons. . . . And **Richard Whalen,** author of the best-selling *The Founding Father* and an editor of *Fortune,* reviews the latest revisionist volume, *American Liberalism and World Politics.* ➔

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—James Madison

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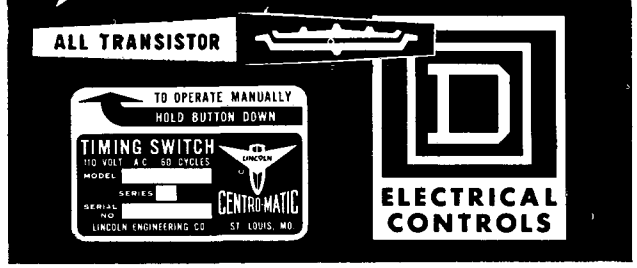

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TO THE EDITOR

Peace and Good Wills

I have greatly enjoyed Garry Wills' "Peace at the Hilton" [Mar. 23]. It echoes what I have been thinking for some time. Echoes? It thunders my sentiments in words I have not had the wit to say. Thank you.

Sheridan, Wyo. J. WILLIAMS

Two thousand thanks to Garry Wills for his "Peace at the Hilton." Definitely one of the most delightful and comprehensive reports I've read.

North Kingstown, R.I. M. NEUBERT

I do not know who "corrected" my *mesomphalic* to *mesocephalic;* but there is something fishy about such Cephalopholis prejudice against the omphalos. Is this a fanatical form of anti-Buddhism?

Baltimore, Md. GARRY WILLS

What about the Negro situation in Baltimore? —ED.

Buckley vs. *Malthus*

There is irony in the caption "On the Right" atop the page on which appears William Buckley's "The Birth Rate" in your March 23 issue. I believe that "On the Right" means going forward; but it seems that Mr. Buckley is deviating from the right and going far, far backward in his acceptance of the theories of Dr. Malthus. Might I suggest that Mr. Buckley get a few basic lessons in economics, especially as they relate to the fallacy of Dr. Malthus, from Frank Chodorov (a former teacher of mine), whose name appears on your masthead?

New York, N.Y. DOROTHY SARA

Who threw the Malthus in Bill Buckley's chowder?

Don't let NATIONAL REVIEW get sidetracked with the journals of fad and fancy. Like NATIONAL REVIEW we await spring and hope the young man's fancy turns to reason.

St. Louis, Mo. DONALD F. CUDDIHEE SR.

Liberal, Not Roman

References are made to the byline "Liberal Catholics" over a letter in the "To the Editor" column, NATIONAL REVIEW [March 9], and to the

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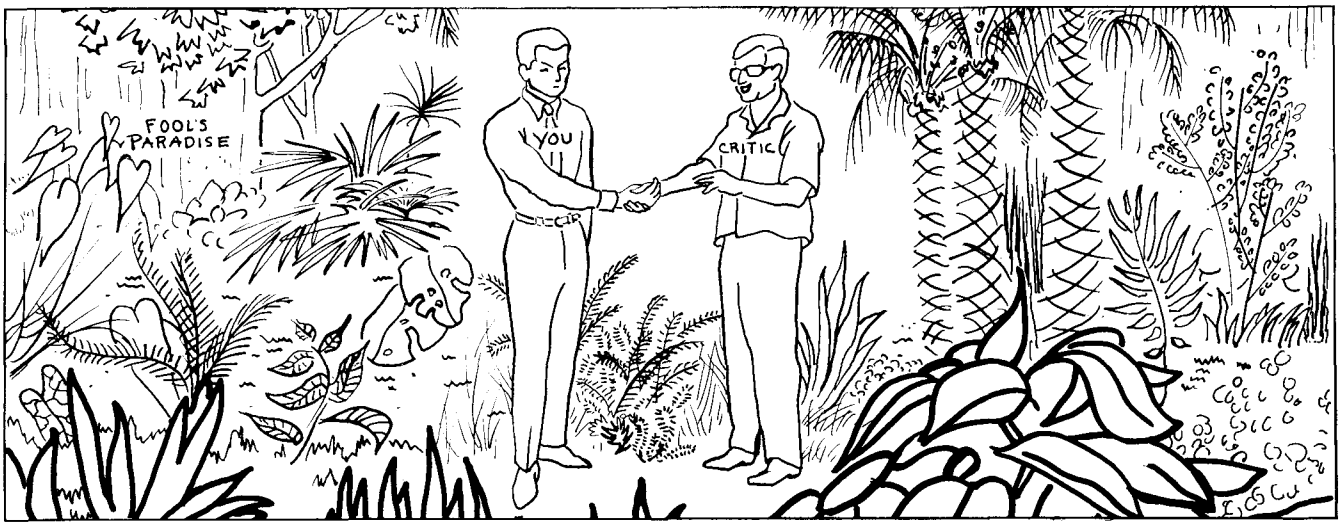

HOW YOU BECAME THE ART-CRITIC'S EASY-MARK

It was when you let him talk you into this.

After that you were defenceless. Whatever flossy-sounding blarney he exuded (see adjoining samples) you had to swallow, regardless of how preposterous.

Critic: "Okay, it's a deal. I'll fix it so you can go on dreaming that art works exist which you can never tire of, and, in exchange, you'll let me make a good living pretending I know which ones they are, and why."

And yet, as you well know, many a qualified man would not so much as step around the corner for the amount of "spontaneous delight" he could derive from the Parthenon Sculptures. They have been a bore for a hundred years, now. And the extravaganza about a mere three words in a book or a bare four notes in a symphony being invulnerable to repetition is even more ridiculous. What do you gain by kidding yourself?

Man moves ahead in art by tiring himself of it, at higher and higher levels, not by stagnating inside it.

Two Typical Atrocities

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

"Everyone knows the first sentence of Moby Dick ('Call me Ishmael'). It is one of the grand openings in fiction, dramatic, evocative, portentous. The three words, like the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, cannot be reduced to banality by repetition; they still reverberate."

(Both by well-known critics -- names on request.)

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How to Conjecture Art and not be a Wise-Guy

The Gag about Art Being Immortal

Although the two pamphlets are valuable in themselves, they can serve only as introduction to so far-reaching a subject. For further reading (on the same free-trial terms) we suggest the two conjecturist books mentioned below.

Authoritative Opinions

"HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART lets a lot of fresh air into the subject of art criticism — the nit wit babble of the avant garde has no relevance nor importance in understanding art and the book does a good job of deflating some of the pompous nonsense." George B. Keester. Chairman Fine Arts Dept., West Virginia Wesleyan College.

"Shaw has taken off the lid and exposed the aesthetic and critical overalls in the stew of beauty. Painter, art gallery director, and aesthetician for many years, Shaw has shown many opinions and their underlying presuppositions to lie in a Limpopo greasiness. At the heart of Shaw's theory of aesthetic judgment is his Theory of Boredom. Here he gives us a positive boost in 'Estimating Speeds of Tiring.' His chapter entitled 'The Metropolitan Museum Lays an Egg' is far too delicious to miss. A warning to aestheticians is that they may not like everything they read in Shaw, but certainly there is much to appeal to any catholic taste. This was a long overdue cleaning of the fat, self-congratulatory, aesthetic stables." Prof. Dale Riepe, C. W. Post College, in Philosophy & Phenom. Research.

"PRECIOUS RUBBISH which I received and promptly read, seems worth passing around. Please send me 30 copies." John Wilcox. Prof. and Grad. Adviser, Wayne University.

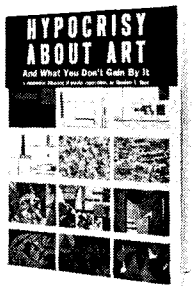
"What wonderful fun. I've been carrying it around with me everywhere, and making people read its wonderful cento of quotes, and to pretty general applause . . . It's a lulu." Conrad Aiken.

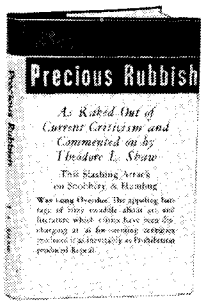
"Enjoyable — a much needed frontal attack." Dr. Lyle N. Perkins. Head Ceramics Dept., Rhode Island School of Design.

"Expresses to a T my every thought. I think it's great." Nicola Ziroli, Artist in Res., Univ. of Ill.

"Seems to me to be a much-needed call to arms. Our regnant school of criticism is not merely misled but downright dishonest, in my opinion." — Rev. Louis F. Doyle, S.J., St. Louis Univ.

"I loved it — gave three critics one copy each — they loved it. Lost is he who hath no humor." — Dr. Wm. K. Keller, Prof. of Psychiatry. Univ. of Louisville.





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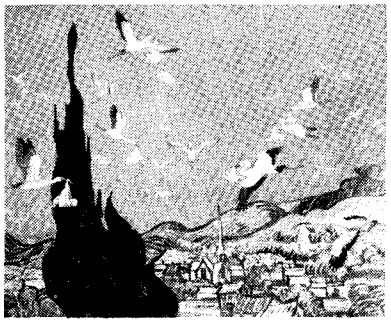

The Stork Cartoon

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great," and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

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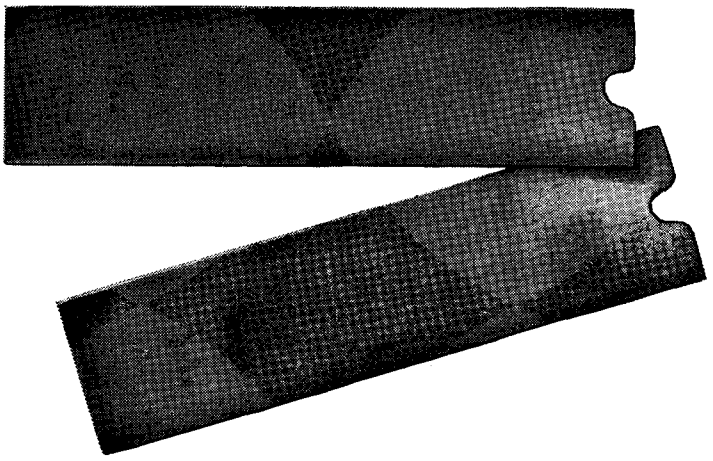

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phrase, "oh-so-Liberal-Catholic *Ramparts*" in the "People" column, NATIONAL REVIEW *Bulletin* [March 30].

In view of the present Liberalization within the Roman Catholic Church, it is understandable that the term "Liberal Catholic" is being applied thereto. However, by such use of the term, it can be confused with The Liberal Catholic Church which is an independent and self-governing body stemming from the Old Catholic Church of Holland with no relation to the Roman Catholic Church.

(V. REV.) THOMAS A. FEUSS
Vicar General
Cathedral Church of
New York, N.Y. St. Thomas the Apostle

Who in '68?

As a Liberal who reads the NATIONAL REVIEW regularly, and with enjoyment, I'd like to comment upon the "Twenty Million Americans Can't Be Wrong" line which is so pervasive in your magazine, most recently in William Rusher's review of Republican books [March 9]. A real spade-calling rightist candidate in 1964 "forced the Liberals to exert their full — and formidable — strength to persuade three out of every five American voters to ratify their dominance. The other two out of every five remain, to this day, unconvinced . . ." says Rusher.

What has me really curious is the

(Continued on p. 341)

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The WEEK

● The Get-Out-of-Vietnam crusade, so full of chuff a few weeks ago when our forces were caught planting poison ivy behind enemy lines, is showing signs of vaporizing into those thin halations of piety by which the politically righteous exalt themselves. Thus a full-page ad in a recent edition of the *New York Times,* entitled "2,500 Ministers, Priests and Rabbis Say: Mr. President, In the Name of God, Stop It!" contains not one single shred of argument. There is not even a pseudo-factual rendition of the horrors we have committed—nothing for the mind to grip, except the Name of God, surrounded by a partial listing of the plaintive 2,500, who hope, perhaps, by this conjunction to invoke the peace that passeth all, or at any rate our, understanding.

● When Americans for Democratic Action assembled in Washington last week for their 18th Annual Convention, who was on hand to greet them and praise them but Lyndon Baines Johnson. They applauded his remarks warmly, cheered him once or twice, and then proceeded to adopt their program for the year, which included demands for: a) an immediate ceasefire in Vietnam and the establishment of a neutralized zone in Indochina (both of which the Johnson Administration currently opposes); b) full economic sanctions against South Africa (opposed by the State Department); c) recognition of Red China and its admission to the UN (both against current U.S. policy); d) de facto recognition of East Germany and of the Oder-Neisse line (both opposed by our NATO ally West Germany); e) immediate "free" elections in Formosa (but not in Albania, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Estonia, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Rumania or the USSR). All of which proves that—what is that saying? politics makes strange bedfellows. Just five years ago, Lyndon Baines Johnson was more choosy—"We don't want the support of odd balls on the Left or the Right—either ADA or KKK." Now he wants to outlaw the oddballs in the KKK, and solicit the favor of the oddballs in the ADA.

● The U.S. Government having recounted the ballots of the January election, President James Carey of the IUE is declared to be out, and Mr. Jennings is in. Over at the Steelworkers, no one knows whether President McDonald is in or Mr. Abel, each side accusing the other of dishonesty. Strange to think that the Careys and McDonalds have been among our most obsessive moralizers, the source of instant sermons on everything from the evil of business to the virtue of unionism. Nothing, it seems, so inspires a preacher as an honest call. But it would be imprudent to suppose that the sorry record of big-union politics will stifle the Augustinian rhetoric of the next band of shop stewards.

● Sam Yorty's easy defeat of Rep. James Roosevelt's attempt to unseat him as mayor of Los Angeles was a defeat, also, for Governor Brown's Liberal Democrats. Yorty, a conservative Democrat (in 1960 he wrote the tract, "I Cannot Take Kennedy"), had a strong ally in Assembly Speaker Jesse "Big Daddy" Unruh, to whom Roosevelt appeared on the horizon as a dark cloud heading for the State House. L.A. turned out bigger for Yorty than for any mayor since 1933, the year that other Big Daddy blew in from the East.

● VOICES OF MODERATION (CIVIL RIGHTS DIV.): 1) Bertrand Russell in a letter to the Committee to Defend Resistance to Ghetto Life, April 6: "Nothing more clearly indicates the hand of oppression in America than the indictment of American radicals for having instigated these [last summer's Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant] riots." (The gentlemen indicted having been caught hurling bricks at police and giving neighborhood seminars in the construction and use of Molotov cocktails.) 2) Dick Gregory, Negro comedian, *Nashville Tennesseean,* March 2: "I've always had a passionate suspicion of J. Edgar Hoover. He has already allied himself with the right wing and whenever you get a combination of the right wing and secret police together you'd better be careful." 3) James Forman, Executive Secretary, Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, in Montgomery, Ala.: "If those crooks in the White House, those crooks in the Senate, those crooks in the House don't do something, we're going up there to Washington, and we're going to stop traffic: we're going to stop every car, every cab, every truck; we're going to show them the biggest piece of civil disobedience the world has ever seen."

● The Federal Reserve has come up with that antique slur on profits, namely that they're opposed to the national interest. Quote from the March 1965 *Federal Reserve Bulletin*: "It is clear that banks, in undertaking a voluntary role in the program, are being called upon to make sacrifices. In restraining the growth of their loans to foreigners they will be foregoing [sic] some of the gains that would otherwise have accrued to them. But, if a voluntary program is to be effective, decisions on future specific loan

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Focus on WASHINGTON

The Great Society is in urgent need of at least one more bureaucrat: a personnel director. The tinsel glitter of government service, which attracted an abundance of youth and talent to the New Frontier, has faded, and in its place has risen again the indifferent cynicism of the party hack. LBJ has personally accelerated this process. An example: Just last week, at an informal press conference, the President was asked by a reporter when he expected to establish the LBJ Birthplace to be open to the public. (Yes, LBJ is attending personally to the establishment of his own shrine.) LBJ leaned back in his chair and shouted into the kitchen, where the First Lady was supervising the preparation of lunch, "Bird, when are we going to get that shrine ready for the public?" "I don't know, dear," came the off-hand reply. LBJ shook his head and shouted back, "Bird, you're getting to be as bad as George Reedy." The story is symptomatic. Serious personnel problems are beginning to proliferate at an unmanageable pace: 1) Sargent Shriver, itching to get out from under the imminent failure of the Anti-Poverty War, seeks his discharge to run for governor of Maryland next year; 2) John Macy, once chief talent scout for the Great Society, has slipped back to the Civil Service Commission; *i.e.*, not even Macy, whose abilities are legend here, could lure first-rate executive talent to LBJ's Washington; 3) Secretary Celebrezze, who has let the sprawling HEW bureaucracy get away from him, hopes desperately for relief; 4) FDR Jr., who did not get Luther Hodges' job at Commerce, is of little help to Secretary John Connor, openly undertakes political operations not always friendly to LBJ.

◆ The Republican Women's Conference, held here last week, left little doubt that Richard Nixon is out in front in the race for the party's post-Goldwater leadership. In his own keynote address, Nixon came down hard on four solid Goldwater issues: Vietnam, crime in the streets, individual freedoms, scandals in the White House. Nixon further enhanced his appeal to the Republican Right by noting that, had it not been for GOP defections, there would today be 42 more Republican congressmen, nine senators, six governors. But the Conference offered more dramatic moments: the delirious reception accorded Barry Goldwater by 2,000 women, which proved beyond question that their hearts were still his. Those well-dressed, articulate, middle-class young women, who so outraged Messrs. Donovan, Rovere, Novak *et al* last fall were present, en masse, at the Sheraton Park last week—and not a bit abashed.

◆ Asked by *NR* what he had been doing since the election, BG said: "Oh, Peggy and I sit up on the hill watching the Arizona sunset, and hum *Hail to the Chief*."

◆ It can no longer be disguised that Gerry Ford is off to an inauspicious start as House Minority Leader. His own Republican forces are in considerable disarray, and the conservative coalition with Southern Democrats is in total collapse. But even more disillusioning to the press corps has been Ford's press relations, or lack of them, especially his appearances on the Ev and Gerry Show with Senate GOP Leader Everett Dirksen. Ford's supposed charm and personable speaking manner played a large part in his campaign to oust crusty Charlie Halleck at the opening of the 89th Congress. But after a half-dozen segments of the Ev and Gerry Show, most reporters vote Ford distinctly less entertaining than Halleck. Everett McKinley Dirksen has assumed the increased burden in his inimitable style.

—CATO

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transactions must be made primarily *with an eye to the national interest rather than profits.*" (Our, and Marx's, emphasis.)

● It is always a pleasure to report the vindication of common sense in economic matters. NATIONAL REVIEW for many years supported the railroads in their effort to get rid of featherbedders such as 37,000 coal-shovelers riding on diesel locomotives. The main argument against the sensible proposition that men should be dropped when there's nothing for them to do was that they'd fall by the wayside and starve. Now comes Mr. J. E. Wolfe, chairman of the National Railway Labor Conference, with what he rightly calls the "heartening statistic" that less than 11 per cent of the 15,000 firemen laid off are on the unemployment rolls. The vast majority have landed on their feet since the firings began last May, helped along by some $30 million in severance pay.

● The UN Committee to Define Aggression, which has been meeting since 1950 without moving a step closer to agreeing on anything, relaxed the other day and took up vomit, which, in the spirit of the thing, it could not agree on defining. Vomit, said Mr. Fedorenko of you-know-where, when caused amongst the Vietcong by chemicals concocted and delivered by the U.S., is evidence of a "gross violation" of the rules of international law and of "the elementary principles of morality and humanity." Chuck it, said Delegate Plimpton of the U.S., that vomit didn't come from poison gas, just from non-toxic smoke weapons in common use for riot control throughout the world, and therefore is no evidence of aggression. Whatever *that* is. (Oh yes, and it was a funny moment in Parliament when the anti-vomit gang had to choke down its wrath, having accused Her Majesty's government of going along with the beastly Americans, only to be informed that Her Majesty's government had used similarly ipecacuanhic fumes on 124 occasions in recent years, controlling the situation in British Guiana and elsewhere. Whoops!)

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● The Bonn-Cairo-Jerusalem imbroglio of the past month, apart from its stirring of the steamy Middle Eastern brew, has badly hurt West German Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, and raised the chances for a Social Democratic victory this autumn. Erhard's clumsy backing and filling on the arms deal with Israel, the sanctions against Egypt and the application of the Halstein Doctrine (no diplomatic relations with countries that recognize East Germany), has recalled the view of many even in his own party who argued, when the succession to Adenauer was at issue, that Erhard's temperament and training, though superb for running the domestic economy, were altogether unsuited to foreign affairs. Erhard obviously cannot be ditched by the Christian Democrats, and his foreign policy record will be a favorite target in the election campaign.

● Guggenheim Meets the Wolfmen: To LeRoi Jones, poet-playwright-pamphleteer, whose Castroid view of the U.S. and paranoid view of the white race make beautiful box office together; and to Allen Ginsberg, kooky Bronx *guru* whose *stich* (also b.o., SRO) is a public striptease—an undisclosed sum in the form of two Guggenheim Foundation cash awards for "creative writing" in "theater" and "poetry," respectively. And, we say, not a moment too soon! Another year and those two boys would have been soured on life.

● A Catholic priest begs us to advise those of our readers who are interested, for Heaven's sake not to be snowed by the Liberal Catholics who are going around these days saying that compulsory unionism is the Word of God. God has not spoken on the subject but, says Fr. John E. Coogan, S.J., his vicars on earth have; and the lower-cased word is nix on the closed shop, if you find Fr. Coogan's analysis (available from him at the Bellarmine School of Theology, 230 South Lincoln Way, North Aurora, Ill. 60542) convincing. Having read it we confess, or rather profess, that we do find it convincing.

● STRANGE SILENCE. Huntley and Brinkley reported a week ago that John Lindsay, Golden Boy of the extremist wing of the New York GOP, has made a deal which will permit him to become Mayor of New York. With that other idealist Adam Clayton Powell. Powell is to run for Mayor of New York on an independent ticket, draining away the Negro votes from Robert Wagner. And in rides Golden Boy. The quid pro quo? H & B didn't say. Powell might settle for the Bronx, Brooklyn, and Staten Island. Meanwhile, the press has reported not a word.

● The three gentlemen of Martinique who robbed Marc Blitzstein and beat him to death have been sentenced. One got three years on probation. One got fourteen months in jail. One got three years in jail.

● Remember Rapid Shave? The sandpaper test? "To prove Rapid Shave's super-moisturizing power, we put it right from the can onto this rough, dry sandpaper. It was apply, soak, and off in a stroke." Lies, all lies. Fat violation of the FTC code. Bang in the mouth for Rapid Shave. Bang from the Supreme Court, from the FTC, even from Colgate-Palmolive and its ad agency, Ted Bates & Co.: "This important matter involving all television advertising has finally been resolved . . ." Important matter! You *are* putting us on, aren't you, fellas? We mean, like that sandpaper, man, that was something else. Too funny. You *were* kidding, weren't you, fellas? You still are, aren't you? Fellas?

Is There a Constitution?

Beginning on page 319 of this issue Mr. James Jackson Kilpatrick illuminates the flaws of the Katzenbach-Dirksen voting rights bill, providing along the way a splendid example of conservative political reasoning. The characteristics of such reasoning are a preference for reality, an examination of imaginable alternatives, an analysis of consequences, a weighing of conflicting claims, an evaluation of relative urgencies; and, always, a concern with the constitutionality of things.

Mr. Kilpatrick finds the major outlines of the Katzenbach-Dirksen proposal plainly unconstitutional. Therein he agrees with every conservative yet heard from; and possibly his language is so gentle because he cares no more than we to try to surpass the sulphurous expletives of Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia.

That much is agreed. What isn't so easy to agree on is the question now before the House if not the Senate: if a substitute bill is offered which is slightly less unconstitutional, is it therefore preferable? The extremely constitutional Mr. Arthur Krock appears to have given up, perhaps out of sheer fatigue. He fought long and hard against the Administration bill. He praises the House substitute (the McCullouch proposal) as the product of a loyal Opposition (the kind of thing Dirksen should have been doing, instead of going over to the other side). A fine and noble thing, says Mr. Krock, and a pity it isn't constitutional.

Mr. Krock is actually making two points. The first seems valid: that an active Opposition may succeed (where Dirksen didn't) in getting the Administration to modify its demands. The second—that an

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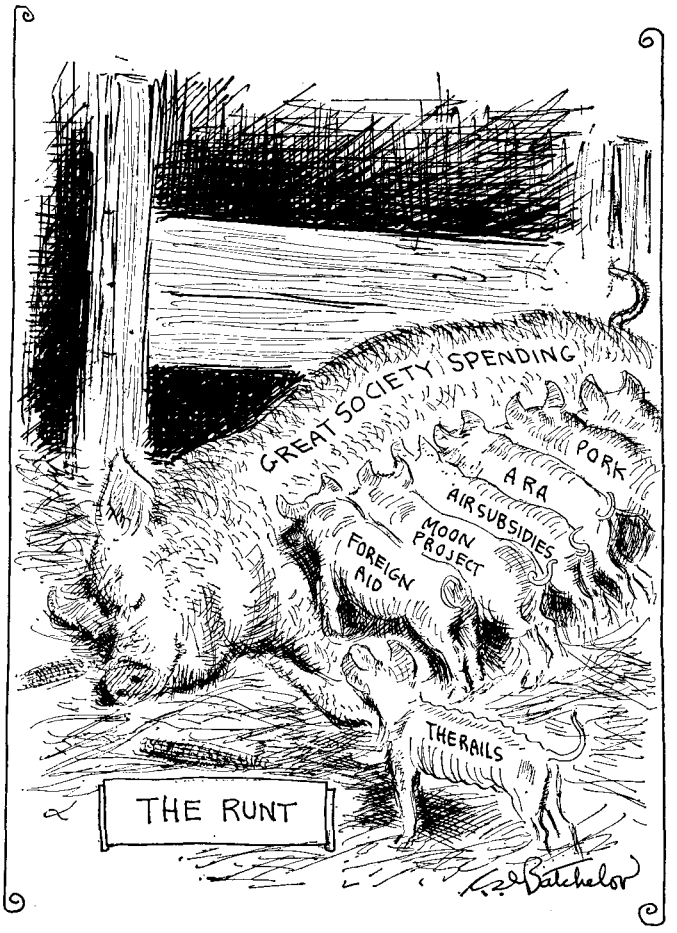
unconstitutional proposal is preferable to a *very* unconstitutional proposal—is not altogether convincing.

The Katzenbach bill is blatantly unconstitutional. The McCullouch bill is unconstitutional but not blatantly so because it would not do away altogether with literacy tests in the South, merely with those that require proof of literacy of those who have had six years or more of education. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent a state from requiring eight years of education, or ten: but to do any such thing, it is generally thought, would enrage Congress because it would be anti-Negro in practical effect, notwithstanding any evenness with which it might be applied. So why not settle for the sixth grade compromise, asks Mr. Krock, even if it is unconstitutional—rather than back a measure which as clearly violates the Constitution, and does away with literacy tests to boot? An interesting subject for speculation among conservatives. In fact, we will probably have to settle for the Katzenbach Law to Repeal Article One; but the theoretical point raised by Mr. Krock is indeed worth meditating.

Eyes Only?

The intelligence communities of every major country, including the United States, have been working overtime in attempts to determine the exact meaning of an outlandish journalistic incident. The *New York Times Magazine* of March 28 published an article with the title, "The Importance of Being Bundy." Most of page 33 was filled with a picture of McGeorge Bundy (Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs) conferring with President Johnson. Bundy is holding in his left hand a sheaf of papers, with about half of the top sheet visible. The heading of this top sheet is discernible: "TOP SECRET DINAR." The next line ("Central Intelligence Bulletin") and the line "DAILY BRIEF" are also discernible.

An ordinary reader would presumably pay no attention. But what has made this incident of absorbing global interest is that TOP SECRET DINAR is a very special intelligence designation, so highly classified that the designation itself is classified at the highest secrecy level. It has never before been mentioned or in any way hinted at in public. Prescribed procedures for dealing with TOP SECRET DINAR material are elaborately secure. But here it is, fully exposed, in about a million and a half copies of the *New York Times!* The first two paragraphs of the Bulletin and part of the third are visible. With careful microscopic study, some words can be made out. Unquestionably all or nearly all could be read from the photographic negatives (or other negatives made on the same occasion), and among the many persons



who have had or might have had access to the negative are Soviet agents. The first paragraph of a TOP SECRET DINAR Daily Brief would reveal the basic line of the U.S. intelligence estimate, on which operational decisions are largely founded.

Penny Stupid, Pound Foolish

Britain's new budget reflects, for the most part, its socialist provenance. For the first time, British investors will be subject to a tax on capital gains. No longer will the law help those who send their posterity to "public" (private) schools. The basic income tax rate goes up 6.5 per cent. New taxes will raise the price of a pack of cigarettes from 70¢ to 77¢, of a bottle of whiskey from $6.24 to $6.80, of a car license fee from $42 to $49. Entertainment expenses for all but overseas buyers are no longer tax-deductible. Capital investment abroad will be tax-discouraged.

The new excise taxes are expected to raise $608 million a year, on top of the $694 million yearly tax increase the Laborites announced last November. The cancelation of the TSR-2 aircraft project will toss 20,000 people out of work. And the Laborites expect revenues to exceed expenditures by $1.5 billion, for a whopping budgetary surplus, which will

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be used to pay off debts and to help discourage domestic consumption.

It is a holding action. Britain will not compete in world trade until she has sloughed off the trammels of welfarism and redistributionism. The foreign exchange markets analyzed the "austerity" budget correctly, finding it unsuited to the challenge. The pound sterling declined.

Faw Down & Go Boom

On March 20, some 300 pacifists, neutralists, appeasers, Communists, fellow travelers and bleeding hearts foregathered at Detroit's Campus Martius, there summoned by the Detroit Chapter of Women for Peace to stage a "Walk for Peace in Vietnam." "U.S. Get Out of Vietnam!" "Stop the Slaughter in Vietnam!" "Stop this Immoral War!" proclaimed their banners and posters, with variations on the same theme. As the marchers milled around, waiting to form into line, a handful of young conservatives tried to join them with posters of their own: "Peace Yes; Communism No," "Peace Yes, but not under the Red Flag," etc. Mrs. Carl Haessler, grand marshal of the parade, called the police and demanded that the interlopers be removed. After all, she said, she had the permit to parade; they didn't. The young conservatives argued that they had appeared in answer to an advertisement inviting all and sundry to join in a Walk for Peace. They were for peace, they maintained, and in Vietnam—all Vietnam. It was their belief that the only way there could be peace would be through the defeat of Communism.

Voices were raised, intemperate comments exchanged, and a compromise finally reached. The police instructed the "Peace through Victory" advocates to take their place at the tail of the procession behind the "Peace through Negotiation" people.

The marchers reformed and moved out along Woodward Avenue to opposing shouts and jeers. But that was only the beginning of Mrs. Haessler's problems. Suddenly she noted that she was no longer at the head of the parade. Two husky young men had appeared from a side street and taken their place in front of the marchers unrolling a huge banner that advertised to all spectators, "This is a pro-Communist parade." Again Mrs. Haessler protested. But the police couldn't find anything illegal in the position of Edward Kelly, one of the banner-bearers: "We're not violating any law by walking up and down Woodward with our sign. It just happens they have a parade behind us."

And so the march proceeded. Conservatives in front of them, conservatives behind them, and, alas —as Mrs. Haessler discovered to her by this time incoherent consternation—conservatives among them as well. For as they marched, here and there, a fifth columnist would reach up and strip off a "Get Out of Vietnam" outer covering to reveal underneath "Liberate Mainland China," "Peace for Vietnam—North and South," "Liberate North Korea," etc. As a peace march it was a bomb and not the kind Mrs. Haessler and her associates were inveighing against was it only a year or so ago?

Grand Rally June 3, 1965 Thursday Eve Manhattan Center, NYC

SEN. JOHN G. TOWER
KATHERINE ST. GEORGE
—Speakers—

Celebrating the Seventh Anniversary of the Founding of Public Action, Inc., the Non-Profit Legislative Service for Conservative Citizens. For tickets ($2 or $5) write: Public Action Rally Committee, Room 905, 79 Madison Ave., New York City 16. Hurry!

—Adv.

There's a Civil Right for Ev'ry Light on Broadway

Broadway did what it could last night for the cause of civil rights, and what it did was perform. In a rousing benefit called "Broadway Answers Selma," such stars as Sammy Davis, Barbra Streisand, Carol Burnett, John Gielgud, Victor Borge, Carol Channing, Buddy Hackett and Eli Wallach sang and spoke.
—The New York Times

We had our little drama—
The Klan gave us quite a fight,
But stars fell on Alabama
Last night.

My heart beat like a hammer
When John came on to recite
And stars fell on Alabama
Last night.

We'd never dream—at least we never said it—
Of taking credit
For such a rout.
For all it takes is just a little Moxie
Like at the Roxy
To turn them out,
Dear.

You don't need Cinerama
To know Belafonte's right.
So, dolls, fall on Alabama
And bite.

—AC

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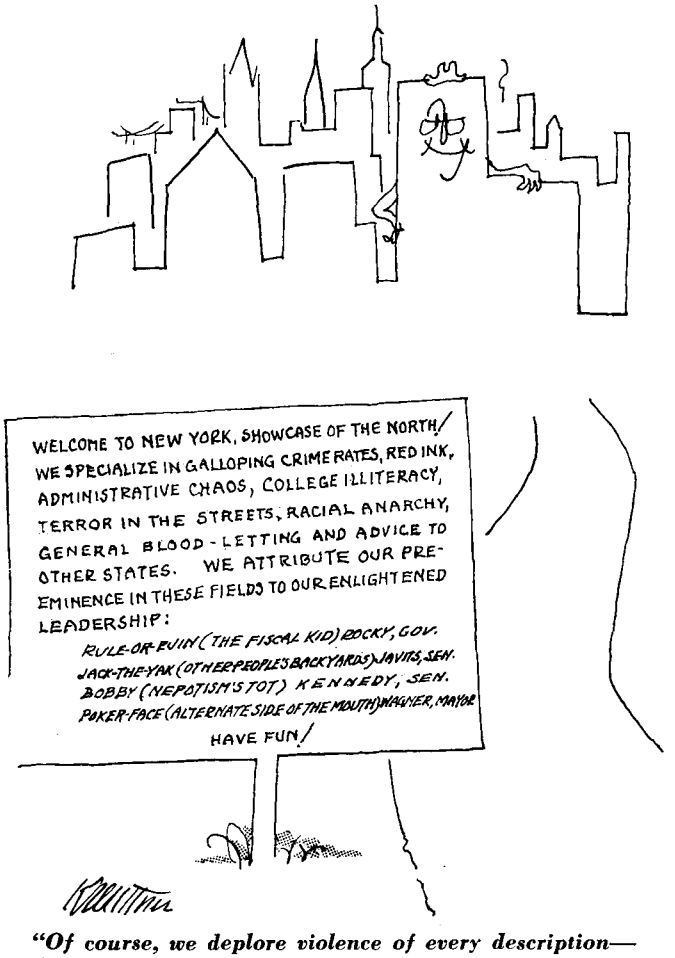
The Tax Crackdown

Mr. H. L. Hunt, most easily identifiable as the richest man in the world, has "lost his tax exemption," as they say. Specifically, a gift to his pet activity, Life Line, Inc., can no longer be listed as tax deductible by the donor, which means Mr. Hunt will have to use after-tax dollars instead of pre-tax dollars, and the latter, in his case, are nine times as plentiful as the former.

The Internal Revenue Service has ruled that Life Line does not qualify as an educational and non-partisan activity. Why? Because, IRS contends, Life Line's radio broadcasts—that is what it specializes in—are tendentious, and the typical listener "gets" the message: vote for this, against that, etc.

Internal Revenue has been engaged over a considerable period in cracking down on such organizations as are not in fact "educational" in the sense that to be "educational" requires non-partisanship. Several months ago, a spokesman of IRS was quoted in the press as saying: "We've done a good job of weeding out the left-wing organizations, now we're going to clean up on the right-wing organizations." And there followed a list of suspect right-wing organizations among which, sure enough, was Mr. H. L. Hunt's Life Line, on which the axe has now officially fallen.


WELCOME TO NEW YORK, SHOWCASE OF THE NORTH! WE SPECIALIZE IN GALLOPING CRIME RATES, RED INK, ADMINISTRATIVE CHAOS, COLLEGE ILLITERACY, TERROR IN THE STREETS, RACIAL ANARCHY, GENERAL BLOOD-LETTING AND ADVICE TO OTHER STATES. WE ATTRIBUTE OUR PRE-EMINENCE IN THESE FIELDS TO OUR ENLIGHTENED LEADERSHIP:
RULE-OR-RUIN (THE FISCAL KID) ROCKY, GOV.
JACK-THE-YAK (OF THE PEOPLE'S BACKYARDS) JAVITS, SEN.
BOBBY (NEPOTISM'S TOT) KENNEDY, SEN.
POKER-FACE (ALTERNATE SIDE OF THE MOUTH) WAGNER, MAYOR
HAVE FUN!

"Of course, we deplore violence of every description—the repugnant Alabama bad kind, against innocent outside agitators, as well as the understandable New York kind, against extremists who ride subways, walk in parks or are in their homes at odd hours and are, therefore (let's face it), really asking for trouble, because it's a long hot summer and youths will be youths regardless of race, creed or color of turnstile judges."

We called on IRS at the time and asked politely for a list of the left-wing organizations that had been weeded out of the tax exempt list. We were politely informed that records of such a character are not maintained (that's PR for "are not made generally available"); that however we were perfectly free to take the current issue of listings of tax exempt foundations, compare it with the listing of any previous year, and draw our own conclusions.

Inasmuch as there are over 60,000 listings in the current volume, any cross check would require several hundred hours of research. In other words, it isn't easy to tell, by citing comprehensive figures, whether Internal Revenue is applying standards of strictness against the Right which it is not applying against the Left. One is driven to look at individual organizations and wonder out loud why IRS hasn't done something about them.

For instance, there is that great fiasco (*NR,* March 23) of 1964, the National Council for Civic Responsibility, whose principal accomplishment, it appears in retrospect, was to make a public ass out of its chairman, Dr. Arthur Larson. The NCCR was founded splashily last summer to make war against the radical right wing. Two things about it soon became plain: that it was a partisan organization being run not by its flossy public names, but by insiders, and that it sought to have a direct influence on the national election by suggesting that Goldwater was a creature of the kooks. Sure enough, although the Committee had pledged itself to labor on and on, for years and years until the last American who wants to impeach Earl Warren is driven from the American Temple, it quietly folded up in January, Lyndon Johnson having been safely tucked into the White House. Meanwhile, as we have pointed out, it was sustained by an anti-right wing front called the Public Affairs Institute, which, what do you know, is tax exempt. And who should have given the money to Public Affairs with which to pay for Mr. Larson's political committee? The Democratic National Committee's Book Fund, it transpires.

Not only are there tax irregularities here, there is a little lawbreaking to boot, which is a sublime bit of gratuitous irony when you consider that Dr. Arthur Larson is head of the World Rule of Law Center at North Carolina, which spends its days hammering out grandiose international codes for all men to live by; all of which, one would think, would

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make Arthur Larson *ex officio* the world's most law-abiding man.

When will we have an investigation of the Public Affairs Institute, which is prohibited by law from engaging in partisan political activities, but receives money from the Democratic Party? There are others that come to mind, for instance the American Association for the United Nations, which pleads for the admission of Red China into the UN on tax-exempt dough, even while the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Red China is denied tax deductibility. A congressional committee should look into the question.

Who knows, maybe there will be enough money left in Congress, after we restore Appalachia and land on the moon, to check the 60,000 names in the current directory against the names in a previous directory, and tell us, who ever lost a tax exemption for dabbling in Left politics?

Spies

Every few months or so, watching the papers we catch sight of them, strange fish who break the surface far out where the light is dim. They are the spies, the men and women of the double life, the submerged. But then, in twos and threes, rarely singly, they are suddenly there, manacled before the law, untroubled, unexplained. As suddenly, their phosphorescence dies, they pass. The statistics of espionage absorb them, but of their lives or ours they tell us nothing.

These are they who have slipped repeatedly through the netting of our security, who have given away our secret missile sites and military installations, our classified technical lore, the movements and workings of our intelligence services. Given them away, that is, or so we are often asked to believe, for money. "The FBI said both men had admitted involvement in espionage for pay." Or, on the same day, we learn of a British scientist who "turned spy for the Soviet Union to keep up with his mortgage payments." "I deeply regret my activities," says Frank Clifton Bossard, "and can only say they were forced on me by my desperate financial state."

Those who do not betray as a Fuchs, a Pontecorvo, a Rosenberg betrays, but as men looking to resolve personal dilemmas, are a species of criminal the modern world sees much of. They do not place themselves above the law, they are not contemptuous of Congress or of the courts. They are not principled traitors but businessmen dealing in treason, faceless predators whose purposes are both encouraged and concealed by the laborings of innocent hordes who, thinking to liberate the mind of man, connive day in and day out in the equalization of all his values. To the unmoored, neither Communism's potency nor the West's viability seems real. Both seem, indeed, done for, betrayed from within. How is it then possible to betray exhausted faiths? Of those to whom espionage is a means of making one's way in the world one would like most to ask the unfathomable question: what is a spy?

Robert M. Hurt, RIP

Death is always a terrible thing, but it is more so when it takes away the hope of a lifetime of intelligence and creativity. The loss of Robert Hurt at the age of 29 leaves an unspeakable emptiness not only in the hearts of his many friends, but in the minds of unknown generations of students of liberty.

During his tragically short career, he made a deep impression on the academic elite of freedom. He began as a student of John Van Sickle and Ben Rogge at Wabash College. Later he prepared for his law degree at Yale, and for his doctorate at the University of Chicago where he was a student of F. A. Hayek and Milton Friedman. There seemed no limit to the range of his interests. He was equally at home in law, economics, history and philosophy. Like the young Socrates, he would question the basic assumptions and accepted dogmas of every point of view, including his own, seeking to align opinion and fact.

Although an inveterate nature lover who spent many quiet days in the woods hiking and identifying plant life, he also participated in the hurlyburly of practical politics. He participated at the first Sharon Conference of Young Americans for Freedom, and went twice behind the Iron Curtain, observing, and reporting his keen impressions. But his first love was the academy. An article in the *New Individualist Review* two years ago was so singularly brilliant that he was invited to Princeton where he taught law and economics. During the last month, he was a member of the Mont Pélérin Society. From the very first one appreciated the whimsical, almost mischievous sense of humor which seemed to dominate him. But beneath the surface was a serious and dedicated scholar whose fertile mind seemed destined to enrich the fund of human knowledge.

Just before dying—by his own hand, shortly after a prolonged coma—Bob Hurt had been reading the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius, who wrote: "The man to whom that only is good which comes in due season, and to whom it is the same thing whether he has done more or fewer acts conformable to right reason, and to whom it makes no difference whether he contemplates the world for a longer or a shorter time—for this man neither is death a terrible thing." No difference to him, perhaps, but a great difference to his friends.

—Robert M. Schuchman

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NEEDED: more readers of **National Review** to read and act on the ad below.

WANTED: new readers for a lively, growing **conservative** magazine that specializes in unmanaged news and can't-get-elsewhere reporting. Now needs several thousand more readers to pass 100,000 mark. You can help by using card facing this page today.

APPRECIATED: the help and support of all those who have already responded to the ad above.

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On the Right

The New Era of Bliss

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

With the assumption of office in the Republican Party Mr. Ray Bliss of Ohio is said to expect to accomplish any number of miracles, or rather the single miracle of bringing the Republican Party back to power. I suspect that Mr. Bliss is too practiced a politician to believe that any such thing can be done as a result of his own efforts. Putting the Republicans back in power will require a miracle of strictly divine specifications. Ray Bliss' job is to hold the Republican Party together as best he can, against the day when one of two improbable things happen: a) the Democratic leadership will so overplay its hand as to become discredited just in time for a national election; or b) 15 per cent of the American voting public, having had enough, will change its affiliation from Democratic to Republican.

Buckley

It would, incredibly, take nothing less than that numerical shift to bring the GOP back in. In 1940, 38 per cent of the voters were registered as Republicans. Last year the number declined to 25 per cent. Meanwhile, the Democratic share rose from 42 to 52 per cent. The figures indicate a secular descent in Republican strength over a period of a generation: and, interestingly enough, show that Goldwater, considering the low Republican base from which he began, did rather better than Johnson in increasing the percentage of his vote over the registration figure. (He took the GOP from 25 per cent to 38 per cent; Johnson took the Democrats from 52 per cent to 62 per cent.) I doubt whether Ray Bliss would be prepared to guarantee that at the present point Dwight Eisenhower, even at his prime, could beat Adlai Stevenson in a national election: such has been the attrition.

Ray Bliss is strictly an organization man, unsurpassed at the science of getting out on Election Day every half-warm body that might conceivably pull the Republican lever. On the other hand, he is not a man of political vision of the sort that could transfigure the GOP. The best he is likely to do is to contrive a few public appearances together of Barry Goldwater and Nelson Rockefeller, the kind of thing Senator McCarthy used to call a "kissing conference." That may serve to bring in a few of the unhappy Liberal Republican votes who have wanted nothing to do with the party as long as the fascist Goldwater is involved in it, and a few of the unhappy right-wing votes who want nothing to do with the Republican Party as long as the Communist Rockefeller is involved in it. But such an uneasy alliance will not save the GOP; ultimately this kind of glue and hallucination will weaken it, as tends to happen to political parties that have lost hold of a mission; which become merely organizational abstractions at the service of the two-party system.

The case for the two-party system is very important indeed abstractly, and not unimportant sociologically. Abstractly it is important that even if no issues of any consequence at all divide the two parties, there should be two parties nonetheless. Lincoln Steffens used to counsel that the highest duty of the voter is *always* to vote against the incumbent party. That piece of amiable anarchic nonsense is not, however, without insight. Even assuming that no prism is so finely ground as to be capable of distinguishing between two given political parties—as, for instance, no prism now exists so acute as to distinguish between the views of the Johnson wing of the Democratic Party and the Javits wing of the Republican Party—still, there is a case to be made for countenancing, and even supporting the second party. The justification for the GOP, if it turns leftward, will not be ideological. It will be purely theoretical: don't let the same guys, from the same club, run things for too long.

That is the kind of thing that is happening to the Republican Party, which Bliss cannot do anything very much about, and does not, in any case, appear to be disposed to do anything about. The fact of the matter is that there is no deep majority resentment even over the truly indefensible policies of the Democratic Party. Whether that lack of resentment is a reflection of the dulled appetite of the people for freedom, or whether it is the result of a failure of Republican leadership is, I think, impossible to demonstrate. But it is there—a hang-it-all attitude, which for so long as it persists, gives the Republican Party about as much chance of overcoming the majority's apathy as, for instance, the Negroes had of overcoming the public apathy in the period between the world wars.

Consider two symbols of the Democratic mania. The first, the decision by the Administration to push for the repeal of Section 14b of the Taft-Hartley Act: in other words to deprive the individual states of the right to make up their own minds about whether to have such laws. That isn't policy, or principle, it is mania: the unreasoned passion for statism for the sake of statism: at the behest of the monopoly labor leaders. How can the Republicans hope to take power in a country that abjectly accepts Johnson's proposal to do such a thing?

And abroad: what is left of our opposition to Castro Cuba? Nothing, really, except our petulant refusal to grant visas to Americans who want to go there, that being the ultimate American sanction. The anti-Castro spirit is dissipated. What Republican leader has done anything to dramatize the need for the restoration of the Monroe Doctrine and all that it signifies in terms of our axiomatic obligation to our own hemisphere? Do the people care about the restoration of the Monroe Doctrine? Whether it is the leadership, or the people, the point is very simply this: there are no issues around, large or small, symbolic or actual, that indicate any possibility, as things are going, of a return of Republican power.

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Must We Repeal the Constitution to Give the Negro the Vote?

What's wrong with the voting rights bill? Just about everything, says the author, who feels the job can be done in a constitutional fashion

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Alabama's winter of discontent, it now is evident, is to be followed in Washington by a spring of distemper. The virus of unreason that so pathetically infected Dallas County has been transmuted; and borne by Southern winds, it has descended upon Capitol Hill. Congress is down with the heaves and strangles, and ordinarily sound men are puffing and rolling their eyes.

A fair measure of this madness may be found in the logical proposition that all men who oppose the President's voting rights bill must perforce be counted friends of the Ku Klux Klan. Do you support Section 3 (a) of the bill? No? Then, sir, you are a bigot, a racist, a violator of the rights of man, a mute accomplice to the murder of a mother-of-five. The compelling effect of this reasoning is such that 80 Senators and more than 200 members of the House are reported ready to shout aye the moment they get the bill to the floor. Senator Dirksen, of all people, wants to see it signed into law by Easter. After a hundred years of Lent, he is ready for Resurrection.

Perverting the Constitution

Doubtless it is futile to stand in the way of this jihad. The President's bill, with a few perfecting amendments, will be passed. Yet it is important to say for the record that the bill is a bad bill, rightly motivated but wrongly drawn. It undertakes to remedy a perversion of the Constitution by perverting the Constitution; it piles wrong upon wrong; it strikes with the brute and clumsy force of a wrecking ball at the very foundations of American federalism. Our body politic suffers, it is true, from a few tumors in the lower South, but the condition is operable and may be cured by careful surgery. This bill is a bill for disemboweling.

No reasonable man would deny that in times past, the South has sinned against the Negro; here and there, in times present, the abuse continues. For the better part of a century, much of the South has engaged in systematic, deliberate, ingenious and effective devices to deny the colored citizen his constitutional right to register and to vote. The whole course of conduct stands in wilful defiance of the plain language of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution.

Negroes Seldom Ask

To this indictment, the South can enter but one honest plea—guilty, with extenuating circumstances. Over most of this century, the great bulk of Southern Negroes have been genuinely unqualified for the franchise. They emerged illiterate from slavery; they remained for generations, metaphorically, under the age of twenty-one. To this day, such is the apathetic state of rural politics in the South, the problem is not merely that registrars deny, but that Negroes seldom ask. The evidence would show this.

There is another line of defense, but it is a defense in equity, not in law. Throughout most of this period, whatever social and economic and political values have been created in the "Black Belt" counties through the machinery of local government, the white property owner has created them. In those rural counties where white families have been outnumbered three and four to one by Negroes, it has been the white leadership that has kept the machinery going—paid the taxes, provided the capital, met the bills. To have yielded political control of these functions to a mass of relatively uneducated Negro voters, easily led, unequipped for public administration, would have meant total disintegration of the whole establishment.

Segregation Is a Fact

It is easy for a prosecutor to attack this defense by remarking that the whole establishment was rotten and rightfully should have been overthrown. The Negroes, it may be said, would not have been illiterate if the South had provided them with decent schools. It is hardly impressive for a boy who has just shot his parents to plead for mercy as an orphan. If the right to vote had been granted fairly all along, on a truly nondiscriminatory basis, qualified Negroes would have learned the arts of public administration; they would not have been seen as revolutionaries, storming the courthouse Bastille, but simply as fellow citizens and neighbors with their own stake in the preservation of an ordered society.

To this attack, the Southerner can respond only by saying that rightly or wrongly, some realistic account must be taken of life as it is and not of life as perhaps it ought to be. Segregation is a fact, and more than a fact; it is a state of mind. It lies in the Southern subconscious next to man's most elementary instincts, for self-preservation, for survival, for the untroubled continuation of a not intolerable way of life. Each man kills the things he loves. The Southern white man is no better and no worse than the ordinary run of mankind.

So much for metaphysics and pleas in avoidance. While realistic accounts

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are being totted up, the reality must be faced that in many areas of the South qualified Negroes are now pressing for their right to vote. It must not be denied them. And where local officials persist in denials, the local officials must be effectively enjoined and the Negroes placed on the rolls. The Congress clearly has power to enact appropriate legislation toward this end. The question immediately before the house is simply this: Is the Administration's bill appropriate? Is it within the scope of the Constitution? Is it consistent with the letter and spirit of the Constitution? Or must it be condemned as an invalid exercise of powers not vested in the Congress, but rather reserved to the States?

These are transcending questions—questions that rise above the sweaty little tricks and gimmicks of a snickering Southern registrar. For nothing of permanent value can be accomplished by outflanking small circumventions with large ones. One cannot compel respect for the Constitution in Alabama by subverting the supreme law on Capitol Hill.

The letter and spirit of the Constitution cannot possibly be obscured. The power to fix qualifications for voting is a power reserved to the States. Article I, Section 2, spells it out in words a child may understand: A State fixes the qualifications of electors who may vote in State elections, and these electors, so qualified, become the electors who vote for members of the Congress. The identical language of this section was picked up in 1931, with ratification of the Seventeenth Amendment providing for popular election of Senators. Under the Constitution, even the choosing of Presidential electors is to be in each State "in such manner as the legislature thereof may direct."

To Enforce the Fifteenth

It is true that this power of the States must be exercised in accordance with other provisions of the Constitution. The Congress may alter State regulations governing "the times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives." The Congress may determine the time for choosing the Presidential electors and fix a uniform day on which their votes may be cast. Under the Twenty-fourth Amendment, no State may levy a poll tax in federal elections. Under the Nineteenth Amendment, no State may discriminate by reason of sex. And under the Fifteenth Amendment, no State may deny or abridge the right of a citizen of the United States to vote "on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

It is the Fifteenth Amendment, and only the Fifteenth Amendment, that concerns us here. By its own terms, the pending bill is a bill "to enforce the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States." If the bill cannot be sustained under this provision, the Attorney General is out of court. The power vested in the Congress by the Fifteenth is a power to enforce the amendment "by appropriate legislation." Here we stand or fall.

States Upheld on Voting

In an unbroken line of cases stretching back to *United States* v. *Reese* in 1875, the Supreme Court has upheld the basic power of each State to fix the qualifications of voting therein, and the Court has condemned the discriminatory exercise of that power.

The Reese case arose in Lexington, Ky., when a Negro, William Garner, was turned away from the polls in the municipal election of January, 1873. The Fifteenth had been a part of the Constitution for only three years.* This was the first case to construe the provisions of the supplementary voting rights act of May 31, 1870. In those days, the Constitution was strictly construed. The new amendment, said the Court flatly, does not confer the right of suffrage on anyone. The sole effect of the amendment is to prevent the States from giving preference to one citizen over another on account of race or color. Before its adoption, this could be done: "It was as much within the power of a State to exclude citizens of the United States from voting on account of race, etc., as it was on account of age, property, or education. Now it is not."

"The power of Congress to legislate at all upon the subject of voting at State elections rests upon this amendment . . .

"It has not been contended, nor can it be, that the amendment confers authority to impose penalties for every wrongful refusal to receive the vote of a qualified voter at State elections. It is only when the wrongful refusal at such an election is because of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, that Congress can interfere, and provide for its punishment."

The *Reese* case was followed in 1898 by *Williams* v. *Mississippi*. Here it was shown that Mississippi had adopted a new constitution limiting the franchise to those residents over 21 who had paid their taxes, had no felony convictions, and could read, understand, and give a reasonable interpretation of any section of the Mississippi constitution. The case has been overruled and no longer is authority, but it is interesting, nonetheless, to note the Court's response to the petitioner's argument that the requirements were aimed to "the characteristics of the Negro race, and at the offenses to which its criminal members are prone." In the Court's view, the requirements in themselves were not discriminatory: "They reach weak and vicious white men as well as weak and vicious black men, and whatever is sinister in their intention, if anything, can be prevented by both races by the exertion of that duty which voluntarily pays taxes and refrains from crime."

A decade later, Oklahoma undertook a crude scheme to disfranchise Negroes under a grandfather clause. This required a literacy test as a general qualification for voting, but exempted all persons (and their lineal descendants) who were entitled to vote Jan. 1, 1866. In *Quinn* v. *United States,* a unanimous Court held the scheme void. But the Court went on to enunciate certain general principles that have not been overruled and indeed were reaffirmed less than six years ago:

> Beyond doubt the [Fifteenth] Amendment does not take way from the State governments in a general sense the power over suffrage which has belonged to those governments from the begining, and without the possession of which power the whole fabric upon which the division of State and national authority under the Constitution and the organization

*It is a passing irony that New York, Ohio, New Jersey, Delaware, Oregon and California all adopted resolutions rejecting the Amendment.

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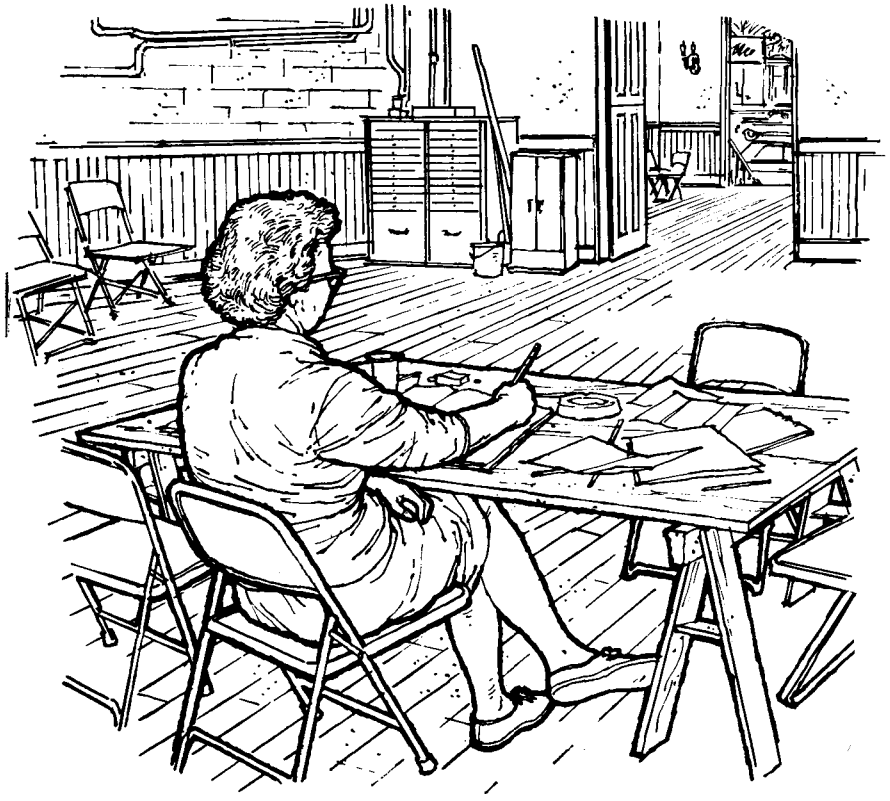
of both governments rest would be without support, and both the authority of the nation and the State would fall to the ground . . . The Amendment does not change, modify, or deprive the States of their full power as to suffrage, except of course as to the subject with which the Amendment deals and to the extent that obedience to its command is necessary. . . . No time need be spent on the question of the validity of the literacy test considered alone, since as we have seen its establishment was but the exercise by the State of a lawful power vested in it not subject to our supervision, and indeed, its validity is admitted. . . . It was independently legal, and therefore, was lawfully enacted.



In *Myers* v. *Anderson,* decided on the same day in 1915, the Court threw out a similar grandfather clause in Maryland, but refused to hold that a $500 property requirement was discrimination on account of race or color. Then followed the series of "white primary" cases from Texas, in which the Court, after some backing and filling, unanimously upheld in *Grovey* v. *Townsend* the right of the Democratic party in Texas to restrict its primaries to white persons only. Nine years later, in *Smith* v. *Allwright,* the authority of *Grovey* was overruled, on the Court's finding that primaries are integral to the general election process, but the basic principle was preserved: "Texas is free to conduct her elections and limit her electorate as she may deem wise, save only as her action may be affected by the prohibitions of the United States Constitution or may be in conflict with powers delegated to and exercised by the national government."

This entire line of law was once more summarized and reaffirmed by the Supreme Court in 1949 in *Lassiter* v. *Northampton Election Board,* in which the Court agreed that "of course a literacy test, fair on its face, may be employed to perpetuate that discrimination which the Fifteenth Amendment was designed to uproot." But the abuse of a right does not destroy the right. North Carolina, said the Court, was fully within its constitutional powers in requiring a test of literacy as a qualification for voting. The evil was not in the test, but in its discriminatory application.

If the Administration's pending bill were aimed like a rifle at this abuse —if its provisions were designed solely to prevent a State or locality from using some test or device to deny voting rights "on account of" race or color—no objection could be taken on constitutional grounds. The pervading vice of the bill is that it is not so aimed and it is not so limited. The bill is triggered by Mr. Katzenbach's numbers game—a slick little test or device that relies not upon proof of discrimination, but rather on certain statistics.

The pending bill is to apply only in States that as of November 1, 1964, maintained some "test or device" as a qualification for voting. By "test or device," the bill means, among other things, any requirement that a registrant possess good moral character or demonstrate "the ability to read, write, understand, or interpret any matter." But the bill is not to apply to all States that maintained such tests or devices in November. It is to apply only in those States, or parts of States, in which less than 50 per cent of the adults were registered, or less than 50 per cent of the adults voted in the Presidential election of 1964.

LBJ's Texas Eludes Trap

The carefully rigged trap catches the States of Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, and Alaska, 34 counties in North Carolina, one county in Arizona, and one in Maine. It does not catch Mr. Johnson's Texas, where fewer than 50 per cent voted, because Texas has no "test or device." Neither does it catch Senator Kennedy's New York, which maintains a test or device but voted better than 50 per cent.

Notice that this key provision of the bill has nothing to do with discrimination as such, or with Negro voting as such. Mr. Katzenbach's feeble explanation is that "the coincidence of such schemes and low electoral registration or participation is *usually* the result of racial discrimination in the administration of the electoral process." The adverb cannot bear the weight of what is essentially a criminal statute.

The palpable fact of the matter is that while these coincidences may "usually" be the result of discrimination, they are by no means always the result of such discrimination. Many other factors, not subject to the will

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of Congress under the Fifteenth Amendment, have contributed much more than discrimination to these low voting percentages in the South. One of them is the one-party tradition, which for generations has meant that victory in a primary is tantamount to victory in a general election. Another is the remarkable absence of contests for local offices in the South.

The Katzenbach Numbers Game

Georgia's Congressman Bo Calloway has cited some revealing figures in this regard. Last November, on the same ballot with the Presidential electors, four of Georgia's ten congressional seats were uncontested, 32 of 34 State Senators' seats were uncontested, 191 of 205 House seats were uncontested, and 34 of 35 candidates for Solicitor General were uncontested. Within the localities, where mayors and local commissioners also were being elected, there were probably no more than 25 contests in 1,000 separate elections. The same situation obtains elsewhere in the South, both in primaries and in general elections, and it contributes enormously to a general disinterest in political affairs.

None of this figures in Mr. Katzenbach's numbers game. Once the statistical determination has been reached, the affected States and localities find themselves under a ten-year sentence to federal domination of their electoral processes. If Mr. Katzenbach believes that as many as twenty persons have been denied the right to vote on account of race or color in any locality, without further ado—and without any proceeding in court—he may arrange the appointment of federal registrars. These proconsuls are to register, not merely citizens denied the right to vote by reason of color, but also "any person" who turns up. The registrars are to ignore State qualification requirements altogether, save as to age and residence, and "obviously" says Mr. Katzenbach, they are to ignore all qualifications as to the ability to read or write.

Local vs. Federal Rules

Thus new lists of specially registered voters are to be created in the affected localities. The system is to continue for at least ten years and perhaps indefinitely. States or localities that in fact have not discriminated are presumed guilty until proved innocent; the burden of proof is upon them to establish before a three-judge court in Washington that no person acting under color of law has discriminated during the preceding ten years by reason of race or color. Otherwise, they stand condemned by the statistics of November, 1964.

It will be seen that as a consequence of this numbers game, illiterates may be registered to vote in one county, while they are prohibited from voting in the next. Here sits a federal registrar, and here a local registrar, applying different rules for the same elections—rules that are not provably related to discrimination, but rules that are provably related to 1964 statistics. And so long as the proconsuls sit, no locality may adopt even the most routine or harmless ordinance affecting local election procedure without clearing it first with the court in Washington. If even one person listed under the act makes an apparently valid complaint that he was not permitted to vote, the election results will be suspended pending a hearing in federal court "to determine whether the allegations are well founded." Those persons registered by the federal registrar will be penalized if they fail to exercise their right to vote; unlike other men, who may exercise their right as they please, the federal registrants who fail to vote over a three-year period "shall be" dropped from the roll.

Existing Legislation Too Slow?

Why is this drastic legislation seriously proposed? The primary answer, acknowledged by Mr. Johnson himself in his message of March 15, is that the demonstrations in Alabama have provoked it. Mr. Katzenbach advances a different reason: Existing legislation works too slowly to suit him. Federal judges do not always decide voting cases in the government's favor. He does not have confidence in certain U.S. District Judges in the South; he wants to shop around for a favorable forum in the District Court of the District of Columbia, where two of three judges are reasonably certain to hate Alabama and to love Mr. Katzenbach.

It is possible to get at the evil with a scalpel instead of a cleaver. A law can be drafted that will not intrude upon the States' power to fix qualifications for the franchise, but will act only to see that these qualifications are not unfairly applied to Negroes. This might mean the appointment of federal registrars, applying State requirements, in those localities where discrimination is actually and not merely statistically established. Severe punishments could be provided for those who attempt thereafter to intimidate Negroes in the exercise of their right. Under such an approach, the principles of federalism could be preserved, and the Negroes would get the vote. The federal power would not have been used recklessly, but prudently, and something would have been left to the processes of political evolution.

Negro Registrants on Increase

These processes are working now. Over the past three or four years, the number of Negroes registered to vote in the South has increased astronomically. In many urban areas, such as Richmond and Atlanta, they now comprise in certain elections a working balance of power. As the two-party system develops, the number of contested elections inevitably will increase, and this will add to the public interest that gets out a vote. Many of the South's Republicans may be only stage-Republicans, buskin-Republicans, wanderers who have left their ancestral home, but little by little they stop playing parts and accept new allegiances. Southern primaries get a little less tantamount all the time. Meanwhile, the Negro's education and his income improve; new doors open to him, the South's urban places beckon, and here he votes as other men do.

It is true, as Senator Dirksen says, that too long a time has passed without making the Negro's voting right secure. It is true, as Mr. Katzenbach argues, that existing remedies are exasperatingly subject to the law's delays. Yet none of this—and especially not the emotional stimulus of Martin Luther King's strife and Mrs. Liuzzo's death—justifies the Congress in rushing into the enactment of bad law to attack a limited evil that can be reached by other means.

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Letter from the Continent

A More Liberal Spain

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Spain today is probably the most rapidly changing country in Europe, and in a sense the most dynamic. Spain's quick evolution has an economic base. Several years ago a group of Opus Dei members and sympathizers succeeded in breaking the ideological grip of the Falange on Spanish economic life. The Falange, true to its semi-fascist nature, went in for state controls and collectivism. Now, thanks to the influence of Professor Wilhelm Roepke's teachings, men like Ullastres, Minister of Commerce, and Lopez Ibor, head of the four-year Planning Commission, are now able to offer an alternative to economic stagnation and bankruptcy.

Kuehnelt - Leddihn

Franco has no specific affection for the Opus Dei. Nor does he prefer the Falange. He has a typical army officer's love for discipline. It took him a long time to see that army-like discipline does not apply to economics. And it needed Herculean efforts to persuade him that foreign investments do not mean bartering away the nation. Two factors have helped the Spanish economy: the steep rise in tourists and the spendable income of Spaniards working abroad. The result has been steady progress, with an annual increase of roughly 6 to 8 per cent of the gross national product. This in spite of two severe citrus crop failures.

It would be wrong, however, to suppose that the incidental affiliation of many of the neo-liberal economists with the Opus Dei has brought any rise in prestige to that institution. Opus Dei enjoys the strongest animosity both in and out of Spain. Foreigners are often asked at the outset of political discussions whether they are for or against this "Catholic freemasonry" (as its enemies call it) whose members wear no habit and remain in the world. Contrary to prevailing opinion, there is no ideological homogeneity and therefore no political planning authority within the Opus Dei. Its members may be married or unmarried, and there are even associates who are not Catholic. None of the members is Marxist or racist; one finds instead monarchists and republicans, Christian Democrats and conservatives, in loose association, thus mirroring Spanish politics at large.

Political parties do exist in Spain, but they are not really organized and cannot participate in elections. At the last free election in 1936 no less than 28 parties competed effectively, *i.e.,* sent deputies to the *Cortes.* Some of them survive today in the minds and hearts of many people. Sometimes illegal underground organizations (Communist and anarchist) are formed, but for the most part there are just loose groups, private circles, agglomerations of friends. It would be more correct to call them *factions.*

The real uniting bond is a kind of ideologically tinted personal friendship that cannot be easily explained in non-Spanish terms. Since the administration, the army, the Church, the universities, the press, are not monolithic organizations in this highly individualistic nation, there has grown up a network of channels, cells and "understandings" which constitute the nervous system of the Spanish state and of Spanish society. Franco, recognizing this, shrewdly favors this group one day and that the next, carefully balancing them against each other while making full use of their intrinsic abilities. The next reshuffling of the cabinet, it is now believed, will give the so-called Christian Democrats a chance to nominate a few men and thus introduce the Catholic Left-of-Center into the government.

Most Christian Democrats would like to see a return to parliamentarism but the question is, would "free elections" truly benefit the cause of liberty? Or would they set the country back—back to 1936? More to be desired are increased personal liberties, a loosening of press censorship, of controls on periodicals and books. Such a process of liberalization is in fact under way and whoever can compare Spanish intellectual life today and ten years ago must be conscious of the progress now being made. The *Revista del Occidente* has emerged again under the guidance of Ortega y Gasset's son, and Don Salvador de Madariaga (who is fanatically anti-Franco) writes for it. University professors now openly admit to being socialists, and students, with their delightful mixture of enthusiasm and immaturity, demonstrate for the silliest leftist causes. The chairman of the German Socialist Party, Fritz Erler, has accepted an invitation from Madrid University to give a public lecture on the policies of his party. Men and women who would have been condemned for political crimes a few years ago are today acquitted; in a recent political trial the claim of the defendant that he had acted "in the highest interest of Spain" was accepted at face value.

All this is not too surprising if we remember that Spain was *never* "fascist." Generals are rarely ideologists. Franco, personally a pious man, conducted a dictatorship under which anything was possible—short of anti-Catholicism. He never became popular, and never cared. Generals are there to command, not ingratiate themselves. Yet he has won a grudging respect and the thought that one day he may no longer be at the helm worries the more intelligent Spaniards. Nothing alters the fact that Spain under Franco has become modernized and Europeanized; under him foreigners were made welcome, women emancipated and the masses achieved a modicum of well-being. The next step, more freedom of expression, will come unless the organized Left make a last, desperate effort to unbalance the liberalizing process. For them it is *ahora o nunca,* now or never, because once Spain has achieved Western living standards, the declining revolutionary inclinations of the Spanish people will have died a lingering death.

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BUCKLEY PRAISES POLICE OF SELMA/*Hailed by 5,000 Police Here as he Cites 'Restraint'*—New York Times, *April 5*

"The protests continued to pour in today—from the NAACP, CORE and a State Supreme Court Justice—deploring the inaction of Mayor Wagner and Police Commissioner Murphy in the face of William Buckley's blast at civil rights demonstrators before an audience of 6,000 City policemen."—New York Post, *April 6.*

"Large, disquieting issues are stirred by the ovation some 6,000 New York policemen accorded a defense of the Selma police force—and an attack on Martin Luther King—delivered by William Buckley Jr., the noted thunderer of right-wing extremism. . . . The ordeals of police service in these times in no way justify the salvos of applause that greeted the impassioned apologia for the Selma possemen recited by Buckley [in his] spirited whitewash of Southern police terrorism."—New York Post *editorial, April 6.*

"PROTESTS POUR IN ON BUCKLEY SPEECH"—New York World-Telegram, *April 6.*

"Roy Wilkins . . . asked Mayor Wagner yesterday to rebuke the almost 6,000 policemen that cheered Sunday. . . ." New York Herald Tribune, *April 6.*

"I. D. Robbins, candidate for mayor in both the Republican and Democratic primaries, called for the ouster of Police Commissioner Michael Murphy for permitting Buckley . . . a rabble-rousing right-wing extremist . . . to address the breakfast."—World-Telegram, *April 6.*

The following is an exact transcript of Mr. Buckley's address. All audience responses are recorded.

Remarks To the New York Police Department Holy Name Society April 4, 1965—Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

In appearing before you today, in the general atmosphere of hostility towards the police force, I feel a little like the man in Madrid a few years ago who was asked at a sidewalk cafe, "What do you think of Franco?" "Come with me," he spoke mysteriously. The questioner got up and followed his quarry, who led him silent through the streets, past the park, to the shore of a lake. Wordlessly he drew up a rowboat, beckoned the man in and rowed silently to the middle of the lake, looked suspiciously about him, and whispered: "I like him." (*laughter*)

We live—as all men have ever lived—in two worlds. Roughly speaking, it is the world that makes the newspapers, and the world that doesn't. The world of the unusual and the world of the usual. In the journalistic world they define a news story as man bites dog, that is, the reverse of what is normal. In the plain and ordinary world, dogs bite men. In the newsworthy world, the man bites the dog. A world structured on common sense recognizes the difference between the two acts, ignores the one as commonplace, remarks the other as an occasion worth commenting on. Something special is happening in our world that blurs the old distinctions between the commonplace and the unusual. We are departing from realism so much as to make one wonder whether we are not entering an age of surrealism. An age when it is considered far more remarkable that a dog should bite a man than vice versa. An age, here in New York, where it is considered far less extraordinary that a criminal should break a law, than that a criminal should be apprehended for doing so. (*laughter*)

The moment a criminal is apprehended, the noisiest forces of modern society seem to go into a co-ordinated act of resentment and suspicion. The doctrine that a man is innocent until proved guilty seems to have been stretched to mean that the apprehending officials are guilty unless proved innocent. (*laughter*) The members of the community who control the news—and I speak here, not only of the news that makes the newspapers, but of the news that gets into the thought, and forms the opinion, of the intellectuals, those whose reactions dominate the thought of society—the members of the community who control the news in this broader sense seem to be, in respect of crime and punishment, infinitely more concerned to do away with the latter, than with the former. (*laughter*) They justify that concern on any number of grounds: all of them, needless to say, of impeccable moral breeding. (*laughter*) They care greatly that injustice be not committed. They care greatly that brutality be avoided. They care infinitely that a man's right to dissent be not curtailed. I care too about these things. So do you. But I care as a citizen, and you care as those who devote your lives to guarding the rights of citizens, for the corresponding rights of the party of the first part; the party of the first part being, in a civilized society, those who abide by the law, and succeed, without external pressure, in disciplining their lawless impulses sufficiently to respect the rights of others. Those men and women who are killed, mauled, and molested on our streets are, unlike those who are arraigned and charged with having committed the offenses, victims of injustice beyond a reasonable doubt. The man on whom brutality has been inflicted, in a subway car, in a silent street, in the darkness of the park, is a man condemned to brutality beyond the powers of any of us to set right. The republic whose vital secrets are stolen by the dissenter, or whose good faith is broken by him, is weaker on that account beyond the capacity of any judge or jury to redress.

Here is where one sees, with an alarm that borders on panic, how the concern of the most outspoken members of our society, the concern over the privileges of the suspected malefactor rather than over the violated privileges of the law-abiding citizen,

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makes us wonder whether we are not living now in a dreamworld, where the news is made by the dog biting the man rather than the other way round. We all admire a thirst for the protection of the innocent. But nowadays in the eyes of many, the only way to qualify as an object for whose justice it is proper to thirst, is to kill or maul someone, stage a sit-in at City Hall (*laughter*) or, most preferably, strike a policeman. Nobody is more sacrosanct these days than the man who strikes a policeman. No man more guilty than the policeman who strikes a defensive blow; or for that matter who enforces the law or who uses his ingenuity to apprehend a lawbreaker.

Policemen, they say, should be human. But when they act human, it is deeply resented that they are not inhuman. (*laughter, applause*) Outside the window of my office on 35th Street I saw a mob gather outside the quarters of the 17th precinct last spring to protest a policeman so human as to have disarmed and incarcerated a young gentleman who in pursuit of his ideals had landed his fist on said policeman's jaw (*laughter*) in the course of a routine demonstration outside the United Nations building protesting, as I remember, American attempts to export law and order to South Vietnam. Great was their indignation. They howled out their protests in song and verse, knowing that from coast to coast there were men and women willing to serve as their echo chambers. Four weeks ago at Selma, Alabama, the conscience of the world was aroused at the sight of policemen swinging their sticks with considerable purpose on the bodies of demonstrators who had set out to march to Montgomery, Alabama. The television cameras did not show—how indeed could they have done so?[1]—the most dramatic part of the sequence. Dr. King and the demonstrators had crossed the bridge and there the policemen, acting under orders—whether ill-advised or not is most precisely not the business of policemen, who are not lawmakers or governors but agents of the lawmakers and governors—there the policemen informed them that they might not proceed. The next thing the American viewer saw was a flurry of night sticks and the pursuit of the screaming demonstrators back across the bridge into the streets of Selma. What the viewer did not see was a period of time, twenty long minutes, 1,200 seconds, freighted with tension, when the two camps stood facing each other, between the moment the sheriff told the demonstrators to return, which order the demonstrators refused by standing there in defiance of it, until the moment when the human cordite was touched—who threw the lighted match? we do not know—and the policemen moved, excitedly, humanly, forward: *excessively* yes, and their excesses on that day have been rightly criticized, but were ever the excesses criticized of those who provoked them beyond the endurance that we tend to think of as human?[2] The television viewer, as I say, saw nothing of the policemen's restraint in the face of an order defied: nothing of the twenty long minutes. They saw only the order to turn back, instantly followed by buzz-saw police wedges.[3]

Ten days later the whole world stopped to mourn, and properly so, the death of the lady from Detroit who went down to register her solidarity with the marchers. Two days later the 58th page of the *New York Times* noticed in a two-inch story the unprovoked killing of a policeman in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, by a 20-year-old whose car he had stopped. The policeman's name was Humphrey, no relation of the Vice President (*laughter*), who did not appear at his funeral, nor even offer, so far as we know, his condolences (*applause*). Dead policemen, unlike dead criminals, are an undramatic event in a world that is unconcerned when man bites dog.

Mrs. Liuzzo of Detroit went down to Alabama to protest conditions there, conditions of injustice to Negroes and a general lawless disregard of their rights and honor. It was generally conceded — most specifically conceded by the governor of Alabama —that anyone arriving in Alabama to protest the existing order under the glare of national klieglights, precisely needed protection against the almost certain recourse to violence of the unrestrained members of almost every society who are disposed to go to criminal lengths to express their resentment. That, after all, is why the President mobilized the National Guard of Alabama—at the Governor's urging. So the lady drove down a stretch of lonely road in the dead of night, ignoring the protection that had been given her, sharing the front seat with a young Negro identified with the protesting movement; and got killed. Why, one wonders, was this a story that occupied the front pages from one end to another, if newspapers are concerned with the unusual, the unexpected? Didn't the killing merely confirm precisely what everyone has been saying about certain elements of the South? About the intensity of its feelings? About the disposition of some of its members to resort to violence to maintain the status quo? Who could have been surprised by this ghastly episode? Not Governor Wallace—who had precisely called on the Federal Government to provide protection for the demonstrators. Not, surely, the *New York Times*, which

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[1] "In Buckley's view, the TV cameras were unfair to the police of Selma, Ala. He said the cameras were remiss in not showing the beautiful restraint of the armed and mounted police. I was appalled and sickened to read of the wild applause and cheering with which New York's finest greeted the intemperate remarks . . . Buckley, one might say, was born out of his time. In the armies of Attila the Hun, in the slaughtering legions of the conquistadors, one imagines Buckley would have found much to admire."—Harriet Van Horne, *World-Telegram*, April 6.

[2] "He said the demonstrators 'refused the order' not to march in defiance. And the cameras showed only the beatings, 'nothing of policemen's restraint' in the face of orders defied. The Hilton's Grand Ballroom rocked with applause, as Mr. Buckley smiled out at the crowd."—*Herald Tribune*, April 5.

"The tape recordings (played by Buckley to the press conference) did not register any applause at a point where Mr. Buckley spoke of restraint by Selma police before they charged into the crowd of civil-rights people. However, Herald Tribune reporter Fred Ferretti, who wrote the story, said there was applause in the vicinity of his table in front of the dais that apparently was not picked up by the microphone."—*Herald Tribune*, April 7.

[3] "Buckley [praised the Selma, Alabama officers who clubbed and teargassed Negro voting demonstrators . . . and assailed the Rev. Martin Luther King and the civil rights marchers]"—*New York Post*, April 6. "He said that the demonstrators 'refused the order' not to march 'in defiance.' And the cameras showed only the beatings, 'nothing of policemen's restraint' in the face of the orders defied." The Hilton's grand ballroom rocked with applause.—*New York Post*, April 6.

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has told us for years that in the South lawlessness is practiced.[4] So why was a dog-bites-man story so heavily accented? If the grand wizard of the Ku Klux Klan were to announce that he and a band of his fellow cretins were coming up to Harlem to demonstrate against the voting rights bill (*laughter*), would we not warn them of the dangers of any such affront, and would we be surprised if fewer Ku Kluxers left Harlem than arrived there? Who knows, His Honor the Mayor might even refuse them the right to demonstrate; as, in my judgment quite properly, he refused to George Lincoln Rockwell and his Nazi maniacs the right to demonstrate in Washington Square four years ago (*applause*): pleading the demands of law and order. And so, one asks, why in Alabama was a dog-bites-man story so heavily accented? And since it is not in any sense to be expected that a young Negro in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, driving in company with two others, should shoot down a policeman who stopped the car to ask a question, wouldn't one think that here was an act surprising enough, outrageous enough, to occupy greater space in the daily newspapers?[5]

What goes on here? My friends, we live in a world in which order and values are disintegrating. In which sometimes in order to view reality, to hope to understand, one needs to take the printed page and read it backwards, as off a mirror. Every age in which values are distorted, an age like our own—in which truths are thought either not to exist, or to exist only as quaint curios from the dead past—the wrath of the unruly falls with special focus on the symbols of authority, of continuity, of tradition. It is no accident at all that the police should be despised in an age infatuated with revolution and ideology. It is no surprise at all that the Catholic Church should in our time have been singled out for the brunt of the organized hatred of the principal agents of revolution—the Church with its unyielding devotion to eternal truths which resist the plastic manipulations of the wilful revolutionaries. Who are the enemy? The agencies of order and tradition. The truths of Christianity. The guiding lights of our tradition. The loyalty to our country and to our traditions. The laws that were bequeathed to us, given to us as what T. S. Eliot called the democracy of the dead: these are the enemies of the class whose restlessness of soul is ultimately a sign of a spiritual anemia, of a rootlessness which expresses itself in an anarchic resentment of the old values. It is absurd to contend that everyone who is critical today of the police is a revolutionary, just as it is absurd to maintain that every Southerner who opposed the civil rights bill is an accomplice in the killing of Mrs. Liuzzo. But the men who rail unthinkingly against the policemen, who side instinctively with the accused, who care less for the rights of the peaceful than for the rights of those who break the peace: they tend to have a relationship with the revolutionaries, however attenuated, which can be compared with the relationship, however attenuated, between the lackadaisical Southerner who does not trouble himself about injustice to Negroes, and the Southerner who killed the lady from Detroit.[6] Your lot, in the heat of this injustice to yourselves, is especially galling. You cannot, protesting the enormities of your critics, join together, arm in arm, to picket the pickets, singing hymns to the virtue of your own cause, and insisting that you too will overcome the pressure of those who dishonor you. (*applause*) You must stand mutely, and suffer the slights ungladly, but silently. You must know that you will be hated for doing your duty, and be reviled by those who misrepresent you. But bear this in mind, that there are the two worlds I spoke of, and that though the voices of the one seem sometimes so very much noisier than the voices of the other, that other world, the world of sensible men and women, looks on you with pride and gratitude. Sustained by the implicit gratitude of the people, you are also sustained no doubt during this holy season by the knowledge of the silence with which the author of all values walked during His own days on earth. (*applause*)

STATEMENT BY WM. F. BUCKLEY JR. TO THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 5, 1965

I am shocked in turn at the ease with which a routine job of misrepresentation by the press of a public speech can cause distinguished public figures to believe the unbelievable, namely, that *at a Communion Breakfast sponsored by the Holy Name Society of the Catholic Church,* bigotry was applauded. *I did not on the occasion in question breathe a word of prejudice against any people.* I spoke sympathetically of the plight of the Negroes in the South. I deplored the violence in the South and the attitude of lackadaisical white Southerners towards it. I did criticize the general tendency of some of the noisiest elements in our public life to jump to false and contumacious conclusions about policemen. *The trigger-willingness, shown today, to impute to them a sympathy with bigotry is exactly the kind of thing I had in mind.*[7]

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[4] "Laughter and more applause greeted Buckley's query, 'Didn't the killing confirm what some elements in the South said would happen? Who was surprised? Not Wallace.' "—*New York Post,* April 6.

"He said Mrs. Liuzzo 'ignored any patrols' of the mobilized National Guard 'and sitting on the front seat with a young Negro' got shot, as might have been expected."—*Herald Tribune,* April 5.

"At Selma, said Buckley, the television cameras showed 'the nightsticks descending upon the bodies of the demonstrators,' but not 'the defiance' of Dr. Martin Luther King and his cohorts nor the policemen's 'restraint' in the face of this defiance. The ballroom rocked with applause.

"Emboldened by the cheers of the crowd, Buckley proceeded beyond all bounds of decency. The killing of Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo could have been predicted . . . Mrs. Liuzzo's acts were rash and provocative, he cried; she had become the villain in the case, and the audience loved it."—*New York Post,* April 6.

"The cheers were even louder when Buckley criticized Mrs. Viola Gregg Liuzzo, the slain Detroit mother of five, for going to the march on Montgomery 'despite warnings by the Governor of Alabama.' "—*New York Post,* April 5.

[5] "5,600 members of the force cheered an attack on national civil rights leaders that would have done credit to the most rabid race baiters"—Justice Samuel H. Hofstadter, telegram to Mayor Wagner quoted in the *New York Post,* April 6.

[6] "Among Buckley's controversial remarks upholding the police and deriding Alabama civil rights activists was this one: 'Men who rail unthinkingly against the police have a relationship with the revolutionaries.' "—*New York Post,* April 6.

[7] Italicized portions were omitted in the *Times* story, April 6.

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Principles and Heresies

The Violence of Nonviolence

FRANK S. MEYER

IN THE *Saturday Review* of April 3, the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King presents for us the etiology of nonviolence in the ongoing Negro revolution. To achieve his aims (which, as is usual with leaders of that revolution, he does not very clearly specify), it is necessary, he writes, that four things take place:

Meyer

"1) Nonviolent demonstrators go into the streets to exercise their constitutional rights. 2) Racists resist by unleashing violence against them. 3) Americans of conscience in the name of decency demand federal intervention and legislation. 4) The Administration, under mass pressure, initiate measures of immediate intervention and remedial legislation."

There is much to be learned about the violent essence of "nonviolence" from this paradigm. I should like to discuss it on three levels, from the obvious to the more subtle: nonviolence as the provocation of violence, nonviolence as the use of force against civil society, and nonviolence as violent assault upon representative, constitutional government.

Most obviously (and clearly stated by Dr. King in the second point of his paradigm), the entire tactic of nonviolence depends upon its success in provoking violence on the part of the defenders of existing civil order. The corollary implied by this proposition, since on Dr. King's own witness such violence is an essential element of his program, is that if nonviolent provocations are not outrageous enough to provoke violence, they must be escalated until they do —a theoretical proposition amply borne out by the empirical evidence of the history of the movement of which Dr. King is a leader.

Indeed, a cursory acquaintance with the literature of that movement shows that most of its active agitators are quite prepared, if necessary, to resort to violence themselves.

But this blatant admission, that the aim of the nonviolent movement is to provoke violence, only exposes the surface. It is not merely in its commitment to the provocation of violence by others that this movement betrays the hypocrisy of its name; it is violent in its very essence, relying as it does upon the terror inspired by mobs to destroy the processes of constitutional government. "Mob" may seem a strange word, but what better word is there to describe an assemblage of persons, themselves a militant minority of a minority, devoted to over-awing constitutional processes, which represent a balance of the rights of the majority of the majority and of many minorities, by the threat of creating terror and civil chaos.

As I read Dr. King, I wondered where I had previously heard those accents combining surface virtue with threatening ultimatum. Suddenly I remembered. It was in the writings of Friedrich Engels, denying that the Marxist revolutionaries of his day espoused violence. No, he said, we shall not institute violence; all we shall do is to make the maintenance of existing civil order impossible, and then its defenders will have either to use violence or to surrender. And, parodying the duellist's challenge, he ended: "Bourgeois gentlemen, you shoot first."

This is the meaning of Dr. King's nonviolence: it is more convenient in the mobilization of force against constitutional order to bring it about that the first overt act of violence proceeds from others. It is a tactic, and it is hypocrisy on a grand scale.

All this is not to deny that: there may be circumstances—in the struggle against Nazi or Communist tyranny, for example—in which civil disobedience or open revolt is morally justified. But against a constitutional order with inbuilt modes for the redress of grievances, there is no such justification (even though the necessity of maintaining constitutional procedure and a balance of interest may make that redress slow). Indeed, it is in its recourse to modes of action directed against the very substance of constitutional process that the violent essence of the nonviolent movement is most fundamentally displayed.

THIS IS easy to lose sight of these days when a democratic and plebiscitarian ideology has obscured the meaning of representative government even more thoroughly than it has weakened understanding of the virtue of our constitutional system of checks and balances. As our constitutional system was designed to preserve the rights of individual persons and the interests of minorities, as well as to give expression to the deliberate will of the majority within those limitations, so representative government exists to ensure that the decisions of the majority of the electorate will be deliberate and just. In the American political tradition, as in the English tradition from which it springs, it has always been understood that elected representatives are something more than mere messenger boys required to register the opinion of a majority of their constituents on any issue that arises. Rather, it is their duty to adjudge issues on their merits, refining, as it were, the raw opinions of their constituents by taking account of all factors conducive to the health of the polity and the freedom of its citizens. On this Edmund Burke and John Stuart Mill, usually so opposed in their viewpoints, are agreed —specifically, the one in his *Address to the Electors of Bristol,* the other in *Representative Government.* On this, Madison, Hamilton, Jefferson—all were fundamentally agreed.

The political morality of Dr. King and his nonviolent movement would destroy the very possibility of representative government. For deliberation, adjustment, and justice he would substitute the assemblage of a militant mob, the provocation of violence, the stirring up of mass emotion, culminating in the *forcing* of his ideological prescriptions upon the constituted representatives of the republic. It is a program for government by force and the threat of terror.

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On the Left

Two Communist Fronts at Work

LASZLO DE TAUBINGER
& STELLA MUSULIN

I. Budapest

At a recent conference in Budapest, one of the largest and most active Communist front associations, the World Federation of Trade Unions, decided on its future course of action. The plans, all strongly aggressive in character, had been worked out beforehand in the WFTU headquarters in Prague. Louis Saillant of France, WFTU secretary-general, laid the plans before the conference, which was presided over by Renato Bittossi of Italy. Eighty or more members of the General Council attended from all parts of the world.

The new program includes:

1) A world-wide campaign for "workers' unity." This means, in WFTU parlance, an Action Front to exert concerted influence over trade unions in all countries. In Western countries efforts will be made to disrupt labor-management relations. In less developed European countries, Communist leaders will incite workers to use force against state authority.

2) On a somewhat higher level Saillant was empowered to organize during 1965 two labor conventions, one all-European, at which labor leaders will be enlisted "on a basis of equality" in the "fight against monopolies" (by which are meant EEC, EFTA and GATT)—and the other, a five-continent convocation devoted to "coexistence."

3) A campaign for further administrative reform of the International Labor Office in Geneva (ILO), bringing Asian and African sympathizers into positions of control.

4) In Africa, the propagation of an "Afro-European Trade Union Conference." Here the intention is to mobilize African labor against the U.S. and Western Europe by creating an "anti-monopoly front" and an "anti-imperialist African Common Market."

5) In Latin America, continued agitation toward the establishment of one great all-Latin American union, ostensibly independent but WFTU-influenced. A "Latin American People's Congress" in Uruguay was planned to attempt to unite all sectors of the population which are on the side of the anti-imperialist struggle.

The views of the delegates at Budapest were far from unanimous. Ma Chun-kou, head of the Red Chinese delegation, took the occasion to criticize the Moscow treaty, banning nuclear tests. He said he could not support Saillant's action program because, in the opinion of the Chinese delegation, it did not deploy sufficient energy in "the struggle against the common enemy." Indonesia, North Vietnam, North Korea and Albania sided with China.

The Italian delegation took an individual line, declaring that the national trade unions must be allowed to go their own way in accordance with local circumstances. It is quite useless, argued the Italians, to hold up Communist-ruled countries as models to the Italian worker because he is not impressed. The Italians received support from individual members of the Belgian and Polish delegations, complete support from Rumania and Cuba.

Saillant's proposals were carried by 63 to eleven with five abstentions, including Venezuela, Rumania and Italy. A decision to call a "Sixth World Congress of Trade Unions" in Warsaw in October passed without dispute. The U.S. came under attack from Victor Grishin, head of the Soviet delegation, who adopted Chinese phraseology to describe American troops as a "world police force" and the greatest danger to world peace.

II. Sofia

There was an interesting prelude to the Eighth Congress of the International Union of Students (headquarters: Prague), which was held in Sofia November 28 to December 7, 1964. Originally, the IUS had been invited by the National Union of Nigerian Students to meet in Lagos. But the idea of holding the Congress outside the Soviet bloc was quickly abandoned when it became obvious that such a gathering would lead to an open split in the IUS along Sino-Soviet lines. Aneurin Rhys Hughes, president of the British chapter, preferred an East European country "where the Russians could have greater control." The choice of Sofia seems odd when one recalls the hostility encountered there by African students two years ago. But Bulgarians had to be consoled for the loss of the next World Youth Festival, which has been relocated in Algiers instead of Sofia.

Here is the IUS action program for the year as mapped out in Sofia:

1) International solidarity conferences to be held with youth delegates from South Vietnam, Cuba, the Caribbean, Léopoldville and Brazzaville. Purpose: to promote various aspects of the anti-colonialist struggle.

2) Special conferences designed around specific political objectives, such as: American withdrawal from Southeast Asia, reunification of Vietnam.

3) Mass demonstrations against French atomic tests and against NATO; demonstrations on April 8 and September 1 against foreign military atomic bases; demonstrations in May on the twentieth anniversary of the end of World War II in Europe.

4) Projects to combat illiteracy and reactivate national culture in underdeveloped states. Popularization of the cause through films, photographic exhibitions, drives for money, clothes, medicine, food, etc.

5) Joint sponsorship, with the World Council of Democratic Youth, of a second Afro-Asian youth conference, and of a student activist training program including scholarships to schools and universities.

6) "International Friendship Teams," voluntary work and travel groups to include representatives from industry, education, medicine, culture, sports.

7) The ninth World Youth Festival, July-August 1965, in Algiers. Focus on interracial solidarity.

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A Social Eye

JOAN DIDION

"The essence of spirit, he thought to himself, was to choose the thing which did not better one's position but made it more perilous."

—The Deer Park

Norman Mailer, Living Legend. Known to gangsters, known to Presidents, known to readers of the *Daily News*. Wielder of the knife in the New York night. Actor in some national sexual fantasy. Candidate for Mayor, citizen-on-the-spot for civic improvement. Subject of the city's morning chorus, offered up with careful nonchalance by people he does not recall: "Norman dropped up, late, drunk of course." "Norman was there, and behaved badly." Norman Mailer, *Tout-New York*.

Let us try, for a moment, Norman Mailer, Novelist, a *persona* which many people who know Norman prefer to patronize. Mailer is challenged to "writing contests" by advertising copywriters, condescended to by the kind of people who refer to Joseph Heller as "an authentic voice," deprecated by failed fashion models whose attention span for printed matter stops with the plane schedule to Montego Bay. He writes "a lot of voodoo about *cancer*," reports the *Herald Tribune*'s Writer of the Year. And if it had always been easy to laugh at Mailer, it was never easier than when he announced, clearly in trouble, running scared, that he had dared himself to write a novel in installments for *Esquire*. ("Only a second-rater would take a stupid dare like that," as Lulu says in *The Deer Park*.) Nonetheless, that novel, *An American Dream*, is one more instance in which Mailer is going to laugh last, for it is a remarkable book, a novel in many ways as good as *The Deer Park*, and *The Deer Park* is in many ways a perfect novel.

An American Dream, by Norman Mailer. Dial Press. $4.95

An American Dream is about a New York celebrity. War hero, congressman, husband to an heiress, professor of existential philosophy, television personality, *celebrity*. That is Stephen Rojack, whom we meet on the edge of something. "I was approaching my forty-fourth year," he explains, "but for the first time I knew why some of my friends, and so many of the women I had thought I understood, could not bear to be alone at night." In the thirty-some hours which follow he feels the pull of suicide, murders his wife, meets and falls in love with a singer named Cherry, witnesses Cherry's violent death, stands off the police, faces his father-in-law in the Waldorf Towers, discovers facts too dark to remember, and in the last few pages heads west, to Las Vegas, where "the sky was dark, the streets were light, the heat was a phenomenon." In the 110° night he walks out alone onto the desert and makes a deranged call to the dead from a roadside telephone with a rusty dial. (A roadside telephone booth, the night, the heat. Imagine it: a glass booth, with a light that goes on when the door closes, the only light on that desert road. Did Rojack close the door? He does not say. Just that he dialed, and asked for Cherry. That telephone booth alone is worth the whole of a couple of dozen of Mailer's contemporaries; it is distinctly the real thing.) He thinks he might make the call again, "but in the morning, I was something like sane again, and packed the car, and started on the long trip to Guatemala and Yucatán."

There it is. Detectives, columnists, the Waldorf Towers, gangsters, charity balls, The Big Guy, Harvard, the CIA, the Kennedys, Mrs. Roosevelt, the Cardinal, Harlem, East River duplexes with flocked wallpaper, women with names like Deborah Caughlin Mangaravidi Kelly. Sirens in the night, high places where the fix is in. Violence, the public memory of which fades with the next edition. New York. *An American Dream* is a "New York" novel, perhaps the only serious New York novel since *The Great Gatsby*. Other novels are set in New York, other novels are about Central Park West dentists who happen to live in New York; *An American Dream* is *about* New York, and Mailer is the first real novelist in a long time to perceive the obvious, to understand what legions of cheap writers and Walter Winchell have always known: that the essence of New York is celebrity, and that its true genius is tabloid melodrama.

IN FACT IT IS FITZGERALD whom Mailer most resembles. They share that instinct for the essence of things, that great social eye. It is not the eye for the brand name, not at all the eye of a Mary McCarthy or a Philip Roth; it is rather some fascination with the heart of the structure, some deep feeling for the mysteries of power. For both Mailer and Fitzgerald, as for the tellers of fairy tales, there remains something sexual about money, some sense in which the princess and the gold are inextricably one. In Deborah Caughlin Mangaravidi Kelly, Rojack sees "a vision of treasure, far-off blood, and fear." Sergius, in *The Deer Park*, thinks to linger awhile in Palm Springs, amid "the bright green foliage of its love and its money." One thinks of Daisy, whose voice was full of money. And Deborah herself: is she not, like Nicole Diver, a woman for whose sake "trains began their run at Chicago and traversed the

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round belly of the continent to California"?

Again, both Mailer and Fitzgerald have the kind of imagination that makes legend of experience. In *An American Dream* we meet an old woman who "had the reputation of being the most evil woman ever to live on the Riviera." In *The Deer Park* there was Don Beda, "married at different times to an actress, a colored singer, a Texas oil heiress with a European title—that had been a particular scandal—and to the madam of what was reported to be the most expensive brothel in South America." The most expensive brothel in South America, the most evil woman ever to live on the Riviera. What is the echo, the rhythm there? "The man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919."

They share a couple of other things, Mailer and Fitzgerald. The notoriety, the devastating celebrity which is probably in the end at least as nourishing as it is destructive. The immense technical skill, the passion for realizing the gift. The deep romanticism. And perhaps above all the unfashionableness, the final refusal to sail with the prevailing winds. Fitzgerald was "frivolous," and Mailer is "superstitious." Philip Rahv has spoken for the rationalist establishment: *An American Dream* lacks "verisimilitude." Rojack "hears voices." His suicidal thoughts seem induced by the moon, and "appear to have nothing to do with guilt-feelings or remorse." Mailer is entangled with "the hocus-pocus of power." Had Mailer not been so "entangled" he might have sent Stephen Rojack not to that telephone booth on the desert (not a "credible experience," Rahv chides) but to a good Morningside Heights analyst. Had Fitzgerald not been so "frivolous" he might have gone not to Hollywood but to Spain, and written *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* If only. Mailer thought to preface *The Deer Park* with this line from Gide: *Please do not understand me too quickly.* There seems little danger of that, and the loss is entirely ours.

Reconstruction, Old and New

HARRY V. JAFFA

AMERICAN HISTORICAL WRITING has in recent years taken an increasingly reflective and self-critical turn. The proportion of the writing about the writing of history has steadily increased. Much of this literature has been marked by genuine distinction, and by a sophistication that distinguishes it from both the old-style debunking and the traditional war-

The Era of Reconstruction, 1865-1877, by Kenneth M. Stampp. Knopf, $4.95

fare of the schools. Two outstanding examples that come to mind are Thomas J. Pressly's *Americans Interpret Their Civil War* (Princeton, 1954), and Merrill D. Peterson's *The Jeffersonian Image in the American Mind* (Oxford, 1960). The latter, although it purports only to be a book about the books about Jefferson, taught me more about Jefferson himself than any of the standard biographies. The reason, I believe, is that from the variety of highly plausible viewpoints about Jefferson, one learns why the study of Jefferson is such a *problem.*

Pressly's book reminds us of the man who wrote "An Impartial History of the War Between the States from a Southern Point of View." Pressly documents the existence not merely of Union and Confederate historiography, but of historiography corresponding to the points of view of abolitionists, ex-Northern Whig Republicans, Constitutional Unionists, ex-Southern Whig Democrats, and so forth. Moreover, he shows how these different viewpoints have recurred, in a kind of cyclical pattern, during the century following the war. This should not be too surprising, of course, to anyone who sees in the civil rights movement the lineal descendants of the old abolitionists. Whoever does so will also discover today most of the other counterparts (political and historiographical) of the party spectrum of *circa* 1860.

Pressly's book also points out that the thesis that the Civil War was a "needless war" fluorished during the period between World Wars I and II, when American neutralism and isolationism were at their zenith. If Mr. Wilson's war was not really a war to make the world safe for de-

mocracy, but was rather a war to make J. P. Morgan's loans to the Allies safe, then maybe Mr. Lincoln's war was not a war to make men free either. Perhaps it only represented, as the title of a famous monograph of the period suggested, the "triumph of American capitalism." The rediscovery of moral purpose, or moral significance, in the Civil War has coincided more or less with a parallel evaluation of World War II. Whatever dissatisfaction there may be with the aftermath of World War II, there have been few among us who have doubted that, as Winston Churchill put it, Adolf Hitler was "a bad man." (When Churchill first said that, in the 1930s, he was laughed at by the sophisticates of the day and told that he was living in the world of Grimm's fairy tales. Later on, of course, he was duly celebrated for using the only language which fit the facts of the case.) And so the reality of the evil of Nazism has retrospectively convinced our historians of the reality of the evil of slavery. The perspective of today's historians more nearly resembles that of the immediate post-bellum generation than of almost any other time in the intervening period.

THE "REVISIONISM" which has restored something of the perspective of the Civil War period has naturally had a similar effect upon writing about the Reconstruction. Professor Stampp, in the excellent book before us, gives an account of the main phases of Reconstruction historiog-

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Random Notes

● THE LAW: Medical treatment by Navajo shamans and hand tremblers is now tax deductible, according to a ruling by the Internal Revenue Service. . . . The Minnesota legislature is presently framing a law to have done with love-making between the driver of an automobile and any corespondent whatsoever, while the machine is in motion. The Hon. Senator E. J. Anderson, a conservative, has tried, alas without success, to focus this tyranny on the flighty young alone, noting that there are many folk still around whose courting styles were developed and perfected "in the horse and buggy days when we didn't have our present problems. If this little spark of romance is still burning we shouldn't extinguish it. If an old fellow wants to put his rheumatic old arm around her shoulder we shouldn't stop that. If she wants to put a chin or two on his shoulder let her do it."

● CULTS: "Two minds without a single thought"—*duae tabulae rasae in quibus nihil scriptum est*—such is the motto which the late Stan Laurel gave to the society recently founded by Al Kilgore (the creater of Bullwinkle), Orson Bean, Chuck McCann, John McCabe, and John Municino to celebrate forever the spirit of intransigence and mishap as it possessed its divine servants Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel. The society is named for a lodge that pops up in one of their films "Son of the Desert," with appropriately spaced tents throughout the Republic, each to be presided over by a Grand Sheik, Grand Vizier, and Sub-Vice-Vizier. Detroit already has a Dancing Cuckoos Tent, and Vancouver has the Another Fine Mess Tent of Canada.

● THE MOVIES: Bette Davis, currently petrifying eyes in *Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte,* lets it out that she will continue her frightwig spookery in a movie to be called *The Nanny,* to be shot in London. . . . Peter O'Toole is to repeat yet again the role he can't seem to get out of—the shy English yeoman with his foot in a bucket—and has signed up, along with Laurence Harvey, for the shooting of Cecil Woodham-Smith's *The Reason Why,* which, as *Variety* puts it, is about The Balaklava Steeplechase. . . . Sidney Lumet will direct the movie version of Mary McCarthy's *The Group* for United Artists, to be made in New York sometime this year. . . . Truth, as Baron Byron said, is stranger than fiction, and a movie called *Trunk to Cairo* is being slapped together. Stephen Boyd's in it, and James Mason, of course, has been invited to join in.

● BOOKS: Flann O'Brian, the Dublin columnist and novelist (also known, at times, as Brian O'Nolan), will have his *The Dalkey Archive* brought out in this country by Macmillan. . . . New American Library will bring out Ian Fleming's last in August, *The Man With the Golden Gun.* . . . The translator of *Winnie the Pooh* into silver Latin, Alexander Leonard, is a doctor, who practices in the hinterlands of southern Brazil and thus has strange things to report in *The Valley of the Latin Bear,* to be published soon by Dutton, with a foreword by Robert Graves ($4.95). . . . For June, Frederick Ayer Jr.'s *The Man in the Mirror,* from Henry Regnery ($4.50), said to be as good a spy thriller as *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold.* . . . The late Flannery O'Connor's *Everything That Rises Must Converge,* her last book, will be published next month by Farrar ($4.95). . . . And *two* lives of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have come out for children: James Playsted Wood's *The Man Who Hated Sherlock Holmes* (Pantheon, $3.75), and Mary Hoeling's *The Real Sherlock Holmes* (Messner, $3.25).

raphy which, while not so detailed or precisely documented as Pressly's work, does nonetheless complement it. Stampp's starting point is a paradox. In the bulk of our historical writing, the Civil War itself appears as an age of tragic heroism and tragic nobility. Notwithstanding the brutality of the fighting and the sordidness of the profiteering, it was a war of demigods and heroes, a conflict of men transcendent both in the purity of their ideals, and the ability and the devotion with which they pursued them. Yet the era of Reconstruction, immediately following the war, involving many of the same actors, is generally portrayed as a period of virtually unrelieved meanness, depravity, and mediocrity. Surely, Professor Stampp suggests, human nature is not so erratic that the Civil War could have been as exalted a conflict, or the Reconstruction so degenerate an episode, as this tradition would indicate.

Such exaggeration, he admits, is common enough in the history books, and is generally harmless. However, the legend about Reconstruction is not harmless, because it is a legend about the political corruption and irresponsibility of the American Negro during the one period when a serious effort was made to guarantee him equal political rights in the states of the old Confederacy. That is to say, it concerns the one period when such an attempt was made *before 1965.* So Stampp's book is, quite deliberately, a contribution to the consummation of the *new* Reconstruction, quite as much as it it is an attempt to correct misunderstanding of the old.

On the whole, I believe Stampp's effort is successful. But it is an ambiguous kind of success. That carpetbaggers and scalawags were corrupt he does not question; but they were not conspicuously more corrupt than the officeholders in states which had never rebelled at all. The sparse examples of enlightened government,

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and the plentiful examples of moral dissoluteness and unbridled chicanery are found distributed among all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South, with a random impartiality. Moreover, Stampp makes an impressive argument that the behavior and misbehavior of Negro voters and officeholders did not, so far as available evidence goes, depart from the national norms. From all this I think it fair to draw the inference that Stampp intends: that nothing in the history of Reconstruction is a ground for believing that the enfranchisement today of the American Negro in the states of the old Confederacy will alter the political character of those states for the worse.

But what about the broad *historical* picture that Stampp sets out to revise? That, I believe, emerges substantially unchanged. The Reconstruction *was* a deplorable period, even if no significant difference exists between the Radical governments of the period and other governments. Moreover, the Civil War was a period of nobility and heroism, not because human nature changed, and not because there wasn't just as much political corruption, but because great and fundamental decisions concerning the future of the American Republic were being made then: the indissolubility of the American Union, the end of chattel slavery and the nationalization of American citizenship.

Nothing so fundamental was being decided during Reconstruction, and probably nothing so fundamental could have been decided then. In 1860 the American people had moved toward a crisis by electing Abraham Lincoln President and thus deciding, not to end slavery, but to end its territorial extension. In fighting a war to make that decision stick, they abolished slavery. Having made the decision stick, they stuck with all the necessary consequences. Full immediate political equality for Negroes was simply not one of those necessary consequences, and the attempt to make it one at that time was a political mistake by the Radicals. Nothing in Stampp's book upsets this traditional view of the Reconstruction.

Professor Stampp finds in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution the enduring positive achievements of Reconstruction. This is because they are the foundation stones upon which the Negro Revolution of today—the New Reconstruction—is building. Yet it seems to me, at least, that the fact that these portions of the Constitution could be dead as far as Negro rights are concerned, for so long, is evidence that their presence in the Constitution is not crucial. While I would certainly admit that these amendments are a great convenience in the prosecution of this Revolution today, it is difficult for me to believe that the present interpreters of the Supreme Court would not be sufficiently ingenious to discover them elsewhere in the Constitution, were they under sufficient inducement to do so. In any event, Professor Stampp does not know, and I do not know, whether the relations of the races today might not be much healthier than they are, if there had been no Radical Reconstruction.

The Persistence of Light

GUY DAVENPORT

A HOBBIT, the world is learning, looks like a robust child, has curly brown hair on his feet, lived in the Shire in the third age of the world, loves mushrooms, fears water, and is apt to see his eleventy-first birthday in bouncing good health. An elf is taller than a hobbit, speaks a golden language— *sí man i yulma nin enquantuva*?—and lives in forests as engaged in the processes of light and of the green world as a dwarf in the dark mineral world, among gold and crystal. The world also contains wizards, trolls, wargs, orcs, ents, dragons, and many kingdoms of men. The history of all these beings is long and comes from the imagination of J.R.R. Tolkien; and, as we shall soon learn from a book with a title in High Elf, is longer and stranger than we have been told: a history wondrously like and unlike the history of men and gods that we are taught in school.

Tree and Leaf, by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin, $4.00

In *The Hobbit* (1937) and *The Lord of the Rings* (1954-55, though begun in 1938 and finished before the Second World War) he has thus far told about a war in which a regimented, jack-booted, foul power began to destroy all fair things in the name of order and science. There are many prophecies in modern literature; let us hope that there is much truth in Tolkien's vision, for he allows civilization in all its intricate variety to save itself. The weakest and humblest shoulders—Frodo the hobbit's—bear the burden of that salvation.

JOHN RONALD REUEL TOLKIEN can be seen every day on the streets of Oxford, a man in his seventy-third year, philologist, professor of English literature, pipe-smoker, a touch un-English in his dress, with the requisite eccentricities (he has many styles of handwriting, can speak and write Elf, and does not attend the 700th anniversaries of Oxford colleges). But at home on Sandfield Road, behind a perfectly English gate, apple tree and rose trellis, he puts down on paper, in English as clear and flexible as Chaucer's—and, like Chaucer's, equally true to the nature of miller, knight, oaf, king, or animal—stories as fascinating as any ever told in the world.

The reader soon learns that the spirit he meets in Tolkien is fine and particular, capable of every modulation in the spellbinder's repertory: a country scene from Brueghel or Deloney, a forest out of Mahler, an imaginary tree worthy of Odilon Redon, pages that out-boiardo Boiardo, that are as dread as Old English elegies, pages where Dante would have envied the economy of detail, Berlioz the tone. The djinn who fetches these things is an agile servant indeed, but the largest spirit we perceive, the one that holds all the splendid matter together, is Tolkien's moral clarity.

"FOR OUR contention is not with the the blood and the flesh," St. Paul wrote to the Ephesians, "but with dominion, with authority, with the blind world: rulers of this life, with the spirit of evil in things heavenly." Every writer of our time has built, in grief and confusion, a model of dominion, of "the darkness" (to translate "the blind world" another way), and has searched out in sad-

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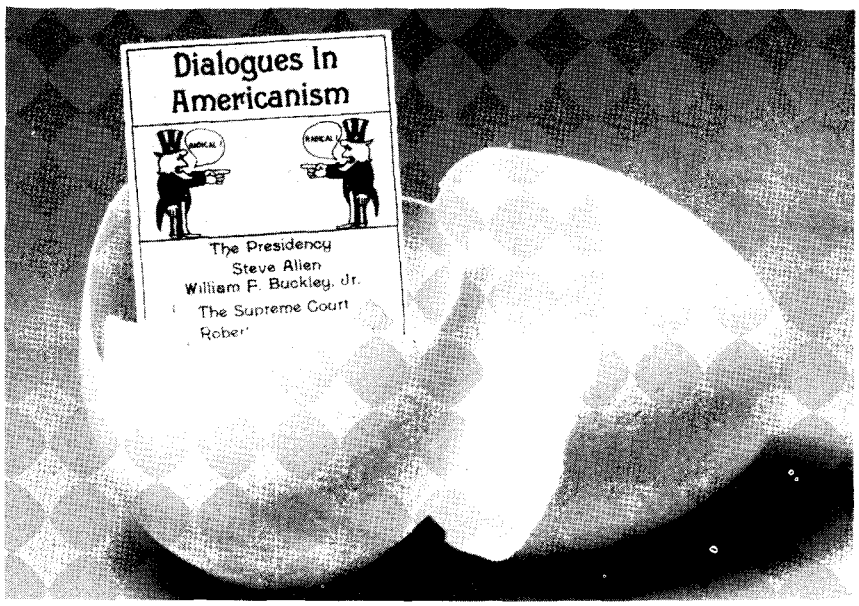

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ness the spirit of evil in things heavenly. There is Joyce's paralyzed Dublin, Kafka's deaf authority, Pound's usurers mad with greed, Proust's and James' fatigued aristocrats from whose delicate hands the good life has slipped; for writer after writer the world, as Blake began to say late in the eighteenth century, has not kept the divine vision in time of trouble.

OCCASIONALLY AN ARTIST has pierced the gloom with a splinter of light. Rilke got through to the angels; a generation of scholars have looked with envy on Blake's audiences with the Light; Christopher Smart's jubilant adoration has found new, often embarrassed, attention. Pound, said to be writing the end of his *Cantos*, a long poem about how man has again and again found and lost the divine vision ("Snow, rain, artemisia, these are the purifications,/ the dew, the oak, and the juniper"), has been tragically silent of late. And the preposterously misnamed Liberal spirit, self-advertised as dominant in modern letters, has nothing to offer as a vision to counter the bitter absurdity and misdirection of the world except a totalitarian state (that smells suspiciously like Tolkien's orcs) which will have, in its regimented despair, a certain hygienic order.

Yet the vision has not withered, and in Tolkien has been reborn. By writing *The Lord of the Rings* (a prose epic in three volumes: *The Fellowship of the Ring, The Two Towers,* and *The Return of the King*) Tolkien has done many things. He has written the only epic romance in English with an ending to it, if we make an exception of, and a bow toward, Charles Doughty's *The Dawn in Britain.* (Chaucer's cycle of tales which, if completed, would have been a human comedy without equal; Spenser's *Faerie Queene;* and Wyndham Lewis' *The Human Age* were left us unfinished.)

He has restored to dignity the all but buried world of European myth —dragons, elves, kings and queens, wizards, trolls, dwarves, and the power of the unseen, both good and evil, to move through ordinary lives. He has gone back beyond *Don Quijote,* eluding whimsy, parody, irony, and the stalking Demon Realism (among which the prose narrative has been wedged for three centuries), and reached with a sure hand, like Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Homer, to take what he wanted. He has written with a fertility of imagination and invention that only the greatest writers have. Like Wagner and Dickens he has sustained a resonant theme through all its permutations, without once losing control. *The Lord of the Rings* is 1,086 pages long; no two pages have exactly the same nuance of tone, or "weather," and every page contributes to a design that is both starkly clear in its simplicity, and cunningly thick in rich detail and symmetry.

Tree and Leaf—the title could not be more Tolkienian—is an essay on fairy stories, their nature and history, and a short story about a painter named Niggle. Both are about the basic perception of the imagination that generates all of Tolkien's writing (though, being English, he never comes right out and *says* it): that the imagination is a metamorphosis of reality rather than an evasion of it. To find clear symbols of spiritual realities, one turns where man has always turned, to his myth-making mind, where truth can appear in a round solidity denied it in the confusing simultaneity of the mind's relentless continuum, where everything is happening at once.

The Greek gods were states of mind out of which a civilization was precipitated. Tolkien's stories are parables of the contemporary and yet are timeless, because his creatures are moral states, from purity to abomination. They take no allegorical stances, and rarely stage epiphanies, though each has his moment when his heart's constant direction is disclosed. For a generation that can't make head or tail of Isaiah and St. Paul, Mr. Tolkien has got Isaiah and St. Paul back before readers' eyes. I have never found a reader of Tolkien who did not see what blackened the Dark Lord or why the ring of power must be destroyed, yet many of them were not aware that the gift of their understanding is millennia old, given them anew by a man who knows that there are some things that cannot be allowed to fade.

The next book from Tolkien's hand will be a history of his imaginary world, going back to the coming of the High Elves and the kings of Númenor. It is, I was told this summer in England, "not a romance but a history," and since Mr. Tolkien's imagination is without parallel in our time, no one can begin to guess what kind of treasure it will be.

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Fuel for Revisionism

RICHARD A. WHALEN

IN THE TWENTIETH year after the end of World War II, we still do not have an unsparingly truthful, solidly authoritative account of how and why the United States was drawn into World War II. And it is becoming doubtful that we will ever have it.

American Liberalism and World Politics, 1931-1941 (two volumes). by James J. Martin. Devin-Adair, $22.50

The reasons are many: World War II was the Liberals' war and they are understandably determined to uphold their version of its origins with all the formidable political and intellectual resources at their command. There is also our necessary preoccupation with the successor struggle now centered on Southeast Asia; with so much to comprehend here and now, a searching look backward at our tragic line of march seems almost a luxury we can ill afford. But most important of all, we are losing our hope of the truth about the central experience of our time simply because time is passing.

Research is a young man's occupation, particularly the kind of relentless inquiry required to uncover and piece together information that powerful vested interests wish to conceal. Unfortunately, those under forty who are researching and writing history for the next generation with rare exceptions have accepted the "explanation" of World War II provided by folklore and orthodox scholarship. The dissenters—the revisionist historians—have not been able to reach the generation that has come of age since the war; the latter are scarcely aware that another side of the story exists.

Twenty years after Versailles, the situation was entirely different. The tidal wave of disillusionment that swept through the West brought a flood of scholarly and popular books debunking the official history of the war. Revisionism became an integral part of the dominant Liberalism of the period. But the younger journalists and historians who revolted against their elders following World War I have, in the years since the last war, succeeded brilliantly in forestalling a like revolt against themselves. And so we have missed the debunking generation, and the question is whether we can somehow stimulate a ferocious curiosity in the next.

The odds are heavily against it and, unhappily, books like Professor Martin's enormous study are not likely to help much. In a characteristically generous blurb on the dust-jacket, Harry Elmer Barnes, the dean of the dissenters, describes the book as "unquestionably the most formidable achievement of World War II Revisionism." This statement is very much open to question, downgrading as it does all that has been written before. The sad truth is that, if this is indeed the most formidable attack the revisionists can mount, then the defenders of orthodoxy have nothing to fear.

For what Professor Martin has done is to compile, in more than 1,300 pages, a transcript of how the Liberals collectively changed their mind on the issue of war during the decade of the 1930s. He describes their shift from a pacifism and isolationism to flaming interventionism as "one of the outstanding transitions in the intellectual and political experience of mankind." To trace this phenomenon, he selected 250 Liberal journalists, academicians, and theorists, and diligently read every article, editorial, and book review each of them wrote in ten journals of opinion, the most important of which were the *Nation* and the *New Republic*. His book consists of excerpts from these writings with a connecting narrative.

It is at once too much and too little. One cannot help but sympathize with Professor Martin for having spent so many eye-straining hours wading through so many musty periodicals. He has compiled a staggering piece of research, and has gone about it meticulously. Yet the effect of the book is considerably less than staggering. In the end, we learn, in suffocating detail, what we already know. To be sure, there is much here that is interesting and illuminating; but there is also much that is trivial and redundant. The book is interesting only if one brings to it a lively interest in the subject. Otherwise, it is like browsing among old newspapers in a hot, cluttered attic, a diverting pastime for an afternoon perhaps, but hardly an experience that will inspire conversion to a radically new point of view.

OF COURSE, Professor Martin cannot be chastised for a book that he has not written. He has performed his work competently; it is the *worth* of the work that is questionable. Here, one can properly question the judgment of those who inspired, guided and subsidized this immense project, and who are apparently going ahead with a sequel that will bring the compilation down to the 1960s. Gentlemen, what makes you think time is on our side? And who do you suppose will buy this book, at the preposterous price of $22.50? And who do you suppose will read it? Extravagances of this sort can be afforded only by a majority point of view; a minority view, which revisionism concededly is, must be more direct and immediate if it would gain a hearing.

While it is useful to have on the record a review of arguments among the men who made public opinion thirty years ago, it is essential to bear in mind that the sole purpose of revisionist writing must be to influence public opinion today, particularly among younger readers unbound by old emotional allegiances. Where placid acceptance now exists, the seeds of skepticism must be planted. A new climate must be created, and this can be accomplished only if the revisionist case is pleaded with the recently matured audience firmly in mind. To them, Pearl Harbor is a place, Franklin D. Roosevelt a President; their opinions are received opinions, unrooted in experience and therefore subject to revision as the result of intellectual experience.

Professor Martin's study will not reach this audience; the present climate being what it is, it may not even find its natural place on library shelves. This is unfortunate, but even more unfortunate is the warning it flashes that the doggedly persistent revisionists are talking to themselves and losing touch with reality. There is nothing to be gained by making

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a tediously long argument before empty chairs. The revisionists—and, hopefully, Professor Martin will be among them—must exert themselves to produce truly arresting and provocative studies within a framework geared to a new era and a new audience, works that will thrust deep into the public consciousness and at last wrench open a prematurely closed subject of paramount importance.

A Hundred Years of Harding

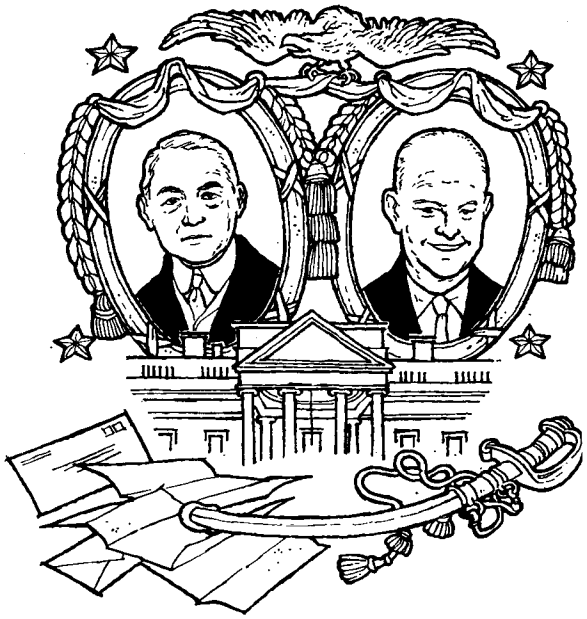
FRANCIS RUSSELL

THERE IS a curious similarity between Presidents Harding and Eisenhower that I am surprised has not been more noticed. Both, I suspect, had about the same IQ. Both held to the idea—as long as they could—that Congress proposes and the President disposes. Both shared roughly the same cultural values, in life, in books, in music, in art. Harding's favorite painting was *Breaking the Home Ties* that he saw at the Chicago World's Fair, his favorite music the Barcarolle from the *Tales of Hoffmann,* his favorite book (and one of the few he had read) Saltus' *Imperial Purple.* Both got themselves entangled in the syntax jungles of their mother tongue. Harding longed for a return to "normalcy." Ike felt that the real problem of the world was "malnuition." One was essentially a lieutenant governor manqué, the other essentially a lieutenant colonel. Both played compulsive golf. Both had faith in faith. Neither one made a decision if he could avoid it—and usually he could. I think it is indisputable that this country would have had a better history if General Wood had been elected President in 1920 and General Clay in 1952.

The Available Man, by Andrew Sinclair. The Macmillan Company, $6.95

It is a curious twist of fate that Harding has come to be regarded right, left and center as the worst President this country ever had; while Eisenhower, for all his ineptitudes as general and chief executive, has remained the Little Father. They still like Ike. One ex-President is honored, one disgraced in his tomb, yet they are so similar.

Harding's reputation has tarnished without any serious attention from historians. In this he has been the most neglected of Presidents. Only in this hundredth year of his birth has the first adequate biography of him, by Andrew Sinclair, appeared. The prevailing image of Harding has been formed from the impressions of William Allen White, Mark Sullivan and Samuel Hopkins Adams, and so thoroughly accepted by scholars that until now it scarcely seemed worthwhile to pursue the image further. Here was a puppet, a handsome straw man with a rhetorical voice and empty head, taken from a small Ohio town by a set of curious chances to the Senate, and finally propelled into the Presidency by a cabal of reactionary senators and the oil interests.



"If ever there was a he-harlot, it was this same Warren G. Harding," White wrote in 1926. Then the image was unforgettably fouled by three meretricious books: the naive chatterings of Harding's girl-mistress, Nan Britton; the psychotic swindler Gaston B. Means' *The Strange Death of President Harding,* in which he hints that Mrs. Harding poisoned her husband to avoid scandal; and ex-Attorney General Harry Daugherty's apologia, in which he deifies himself by claiming to have formed Harding from the Ohio mud. And of course in Harding's case the scandals of his Administration went on for so long. Ten years after his death the government was still trying to jail his Secretary of the Interior, Albert Fall. Harding did die a natural death—of a heart attack—yet most people are still under the vague impression that he either committed suicide or was killed. The sorriest of Presidents has in many ways come to be the most mysterious.

PART OF this, of course, has been brought about by the deliberate secrecy of the Harding Memorial Association in Marion, the custodian of Harding's public and private papers since the death of his wife. These 300,000 or so documents were kept locked up by Dr. Carl Sawyer, the president of the association and son of Harding's White House physician — unavailable to scholars and historians for over forty years. Only in the spring of 1964 were they finally turned over to the Ohio Historical Society where they are now open to qualified inspection.

There are, as I understand it, several studies of Harding under way in preparation for his centennial, a centennial that has been somewhat garishly underlined by the discovery of a package of over a hundred of Harding's fervid love letters to a previously unsuspected mistress. Mr. Sinclair has won the time-race with his tempered political biography. His is a surprisingly good book, the more because Mr. Sinclair is young (30), English and English-educated (Eton and Cambridge), and not even an Ohio casual. One could scarcely expect him on the strength of a Commonwealth Fellowship and a book on prohibition to grasp the noisome subtleties of Ohio politics. And yet he has.

He has chipped away at the White-Sullivan-Adams incrustations and has set the record straight in a way that ought to make a number of gen-

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Dr. Bouscaren is Professor of Political Science at Le Moyne College in Syracuse. A former faculty member of the National War College in Washington, he has studied at Yale and the University of California, Berkeley.

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eral historians blush for having accepted half- and pseudo-facts for so long. First of all he demonstrates that Harding was neither a fool nor a tool, but an astute and able Ohio politician (not the highest breed of that animal), who knew how to get what he wanted—a place in the state senate, the United States Senate, the White House—while all the time disclaiming that he wanted any such thing. Even Harding's weedy rhetoric had (unlike Ike's) a purpose, in its attempt by unanchored verbosity and a pleasant manner to reconcile irreconcilables. Harding was not a creation of Daugherty's, and I am grateful to Mr. Sinclair for cracking that tough-shelled old chestnut as well as the even tougher-shelled one of the "smoke-filled room." In essence Harding was nominated because he had done the necessary political spadework in the grass-roots and because, as one pol remarked, he was "everybody's second choice." The senators who filled the Blackstone suite with cigar smoke the night before the nomination had really almost nothing to do with bringing it about.

Harding was the available man. As Mr. Sinclair points out, that is not an adequate reason for choosing anyone. Alas, our reasons for choosing most of our Presidents, good, bad and indifferent, have rarely been based on adequacy. In writing a political study Mr. Sinclair has rightly eschewed biographical detail. Neither the information in the Ohio Historical Society on Harding's green years nor the lurid legacy of Mrs. Phillips' letters has concerned him.

By implication, if not in so many words, Mr. Sinclair feels that instead of the economically illiterate Harding we should have had a well-read Keynesian President who would have grasped and applied Wilson's demonstrated lesson of "deficit spending and federal pump-priming, which had given the United States its period of greatest prosperity during the First World War." Or, in other words, the pity of it was that the New Deal came a decade too late. Mr. Sinclair might be reminded of Lincoln's earlier "greenback" efforts in the Civil War.

Aside from such as-ifness, *The Available Man* is an illuminating piece of work, a revaluation of Harding the politician, a book that indeed could not have been written

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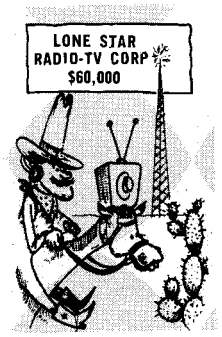

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without the source material from the newly-opened Harding archives, which the author has been able to utilize with remarkable speed and thoroughness. There will undoubtedly be other and presumably fatter volumes on Harding's political career. I doubt very much if they will be up to this relatively short book.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

WELFARE, FREEDOM AND INFLATION, by Wilhelm Roepke (University of Alabama, $2.95). These four short essays, written in 1957 or so and published originally, I believe, in German newspapers, provide an excellent sample of Roepke's method and style of economic discourse. The text would be useful as an introduction for those who don't know his work; for those who do, it is not without gems, such as Roepke's passage on the ultimate roots of the inflationary process, which, he says, we do not discover "until we recognize that inflation, and the spirit which nourishes it and accepts it, is merely the monetary aspect of the general decay of law. It requires no special astuteness to realize that the vanishing respect for property is very intimately related to the numbing of respect for the integrity of money and its value. In fact, laxity about property and laxity about money are very closely bound up together; in both cases what is firm, durable, earned, secured and designed for continuity gives place to what is fragile, fugitive, fleeting, unsure and ephemeral. And that is not the kind of foundation on which the free society can long remain standing."

W. F. RICKENBACKER

SIMONE WEIL, by Jacques Cabaud (Channel Press, $5.95). For Simone Weil, there could be no distinction between thought and action. Cabaud, tracing her life from childhood to her tragic death in England in 1943 at the age of thirty-four, shows the great extent to which this principle determined the life of a remarkable woman. Writing with great sympathy and without any attempt to psychologize his subject, he takes us through her university days (when she was known as "the Red Virgin"

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or "the Categorical Imperative in Skirts"); her years of teaching in French high schools; and her period of metaphysical and religious speculation which immediately preceded her death. But the author gives us not only biography. Through the use of copious quotations, he gives us deep insight into the thought of this strange personality. Through acute analysis, he shows us how that thought was related to her life. As Simone Weil is not well-known on this side of the Atlantic, it is hoped that this profoundly sensitive book will give the American reader an introduction to the life, thought, and works of one of the most prolific and thought-provoking minds of this century. W. SHEARSON

I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES, by Pauline Kael. (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.00). Well, quite a lot of people have lost it reading Pauline Kael, whence comes the biological construction many of these unfortunates are driven to put on this critic's remarkable analytical-polemical gifts. They think she's a kind of man (see the chapter "Replying to Listeners": only a man could care so much about something like the movies). It's incredible that in an age when movie criticism has become the pundit's recourse for specialized bitchery, so many could have mistaken the real, the richly real, thing. Miss Kael writes uninhibitedly with a female violence (and a female defensiveness). Nothing escapes this shrewd eye, neither politics masquerading as a critical attitude, nor pietistic cant dished up as tender, human concern—nor yet the relative merits of Jeanne Moreau and Delphine Seyrig walking away from the camera. It follows that, as with any glorious scourge, Kael is more entertaining on the offensive than when composing the 200th appreciation of *La Grande Illusion*. The writing is juicily quotable. On fashionable interior decorating: "Scandinavian with a guilty dash of Japanese (as reparation for the bomb, we sit close to the earth)." On Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who "wrote a think piece with such glowing embers as, 'Life today is filled with tragic choices' (one of them was his decision to become a film reviewer)." A. CROCE

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 308)

problem of whom the Hard Right think they *could* nominate who would lose by more than the worst landslide since Roosevelt? Whom have you in mind for '68? Attila the Hun?

Columbus, Ohio REV. J. FRANKLIN CHIDSEY

No. We're against third terms.—ED.

Bozell on Gideon

In his snide review of *Gideon's Trumpet* [Mar. 9] Mr. Bozell forgot to mention one important fact. When Gideon's case was returned to Florida courts and Gideon was supplied with a lawyer for his re-trial, he was speedily acquitted of the crime for which he had earlier been found guilty without benefit of counsel.

Of course, this indication of a previous miscarriage of justice doesn't necessarily justify the U.S. Supreme Court's telling states how they are to conduct their legal systems. Bozell, I guess, could and would argue learnedly on the right of any state to supervise a court system disposed to total injustices, but such a learned argument, it seems to me, is self-defeating, in that any decent, orderly society must provide equitable standards of justice or ultimately suffer drastic consequences.

Taking the traditionalist's view of the Constitution, the *Gideon* ruling tampered with the doctrine of states' rights. Fortunately, most Americans find this doctrine repugnant, especially where it provides the excuse to persecute Negroes.

The *Gideon* verdict, regardless of the "horrible injury" it dealt to states' rights, did improve and strengthen the nation's legal system—a subject Bozell also conveniently neglected to discuss in his astigmatic review.

Charleston, W. Va. W. E. CHILTON III
Publisher
The Charleston Gazette

A Reply

I did not go into the *Gideon* case at the trial level, in part because the evidence is ambivalent, but mostly because no serious commentator (witness Mr. Lewis, who wrote the book) would suggest that the merits of the compulsory-right-to-counsel position can be adduced from the results of a single case. I doubt, for

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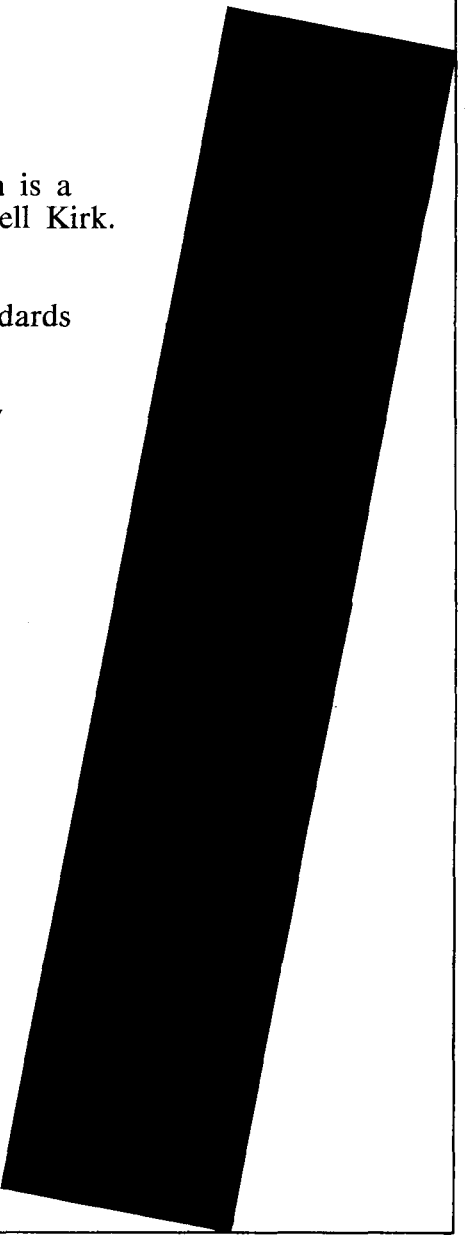

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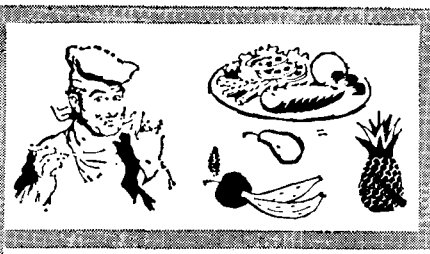

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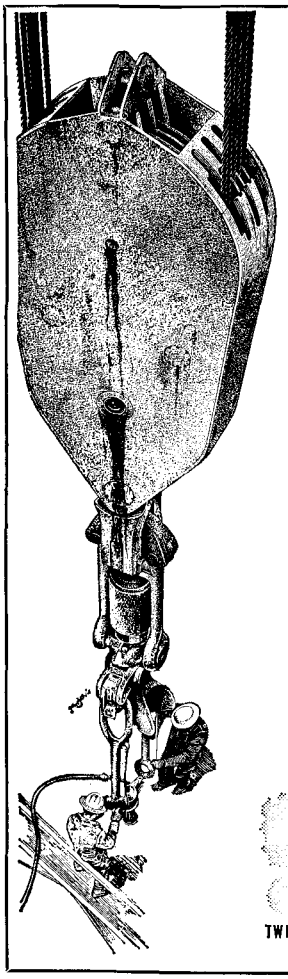

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instance, had the second jury confirmed the verdict of the first, that Mr. Chilton would have concluded the Supreme Court was wrong on the counsel issue.

Nor did I assert a position on "the doctrine of states' rights," though I have one. I did suggest it is not the province of the Supreme Court to pick and choose between those parts of the constitutional system it deems "repugnant" and those it happens to approve, a luxury available to Mr. Chilton and me, but not, the review tried to say, to a body charged with expounding the Constitution.

Justice, incidentally, is an elusive fellow. In college days both Mr. Chilton and I learned at the knee of Willmoore Kendall about the relation between strong local governments and orderly societies. As I recall he always got the better grades, but isn't it clear who was the superior pupil?

Chevy Chase, Md. L. BRENT BOZELL

Kirk on Apartheid

It is unfortunate for all concerned that Russell Kirk [Mar. 9, Feb. 23] has decided to participate in the exercise in sophistry initiated by apologists for apartheid. The "fundamental question" in the establishment of Bantustans and Bantu universities (and how the South African Negroes take the word Bantu!) is not by what means South African Negroes can "best obtain a decent education." The fundamental question is whether South African whites have the right, by any authority short of their own authoritarianism, to dictate where these people shall live and how they shall be educated and to what ends their education shall be applied.

Minneapolis, Minn. AARON MILLER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (April 6)

Jim Bishop
THE DAY LINCOLN WAS SHOT

The bells were tolling everywhere, it seemed, and people came out on the street, heedless of rain, to listen. . . These people were trying to believe something which was hard to believe. . . Inside, Stanton wrote: ". . . Abraham Lincoln died this morning. . ."

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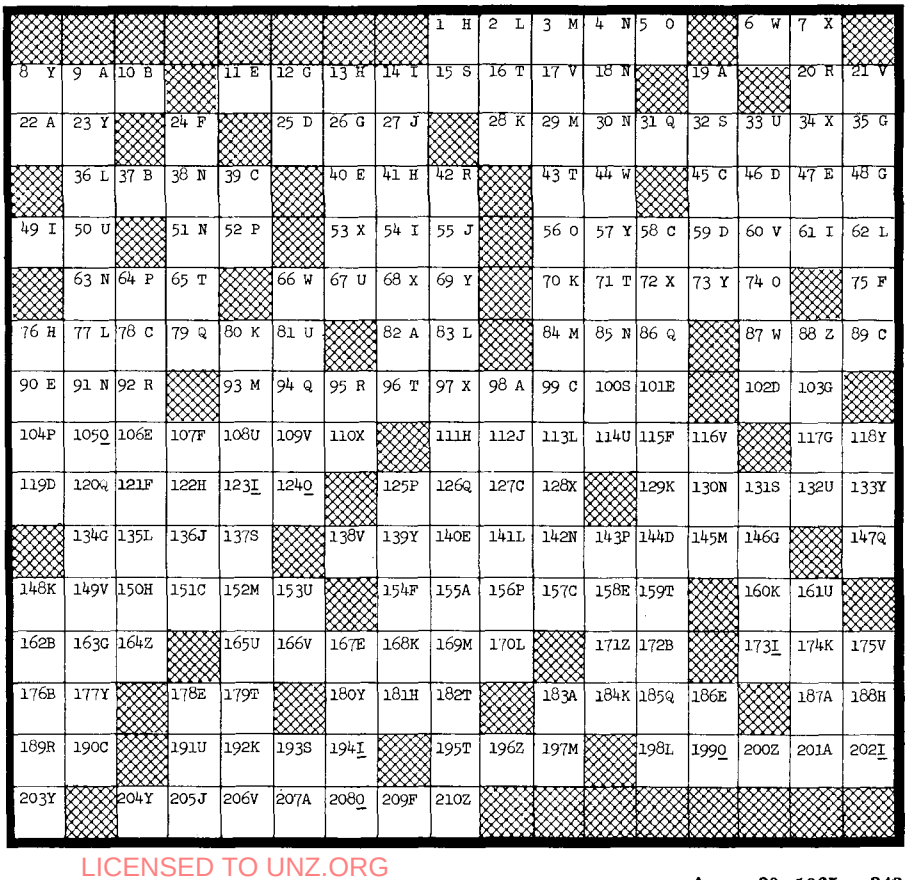
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. English poet (1752-70)	22 9 19 187 207 155 98 183 82 201
B. What city planners and NATIONAL REVIEW advocate	37 10 176 172 162
C. Unscramble MOB COMBAT I	78 190 151 39 99 58 45 157 89 127
D. Extreme deficiency in intelligence	102 25 59 46 119 144
E. One who puts words in other men's mouths in order to put bread in his own (2 wds.)	101 11 167 140 40 178 106 90 47 186 158
F. Curdled milk	115 121 24 75 154 107 209
G. A reliable or indispensable person (2 wds.)	117 12 35 134 48 163 26 103 146
H. Unscramble GOPHER AID	150 1 122 41 13 76 181 111 188
I. Because of inflation these now get two cents	173 14 49 54 202 194 61 123
J. What piano keys are made from	205 136 112 55 27
K. New York lake, town, and county that gave name to educational assembly	28 174 148 80 129 184 168 70 160 192
L. In a pretended or feigned manner	135 36 83 2 198 141 77 170 113 62
M. Opposite of word G (2 wds.)	169 145 93 84 29 3 152 197
N. Nickname of American general (hyph)	91 51 63 85 4 130 38 142 18 30
O. City in Wisconsin	105 56 5 74 208 124 199
P. To transgress the moral or divine law	143 104 156 64 52 125
Q. City in Illinois	185 31 147 79 94 120 86 126
R. To make request, as to a friend for aid	189 20 42 95 92
S. District of the Netherlands	193 15 131 100 32 137
T. To reduce the virulence of	195 43 65 159 182 71 16 96 179
U. State whose nickname, tree, and flower are all the same	50 33 132 165 67 153 161 108 81 191 114
V. A record global circumnavigation at one time (fiction; 2 wds.)	60 175 109 166 149 17 138 21 116 206
W. It's over your head	66 6 44 87
X. There have been thirteen in Rome (singular)	72 7 34 53 68 97 110 128
Y. Way for nervy people to dance (3 wds.)	180 69 118 139 23 8 57 73 204 133 203 177
Z. In any case	200 196 164 171 88 210

See page 342 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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For The Record

Astonishing but true: Only Washington channel not to carry President Johnson's voting rights speech live was WOOK (Channel 14), the Negro television station. . . . Administration disapproval of Martin Luther King's proposed boycott of Alabama growing. Commerce Secretary John Connor chose a speech for the United Negro College Fund, in Philadelphia, as occasion to denounce the plan as "unfortunate" and "not in the best interests of the country." Pennsylvania senators Hugh Scott (R.) and Joe Clark (D.)—good Liberals both—have also blasted the boycott. . . . Sen. Russell Long (D., La.) is working hard, trying to get a number of other Southern Democrats to join him in approving LBJ's voting rights bill.

A bust: the meeting of Congo rebel leaders in Cairo last week. They were unable even to issue a statement about why the conference had to be indefinitely adjourned. . . . Former Pres. Fulbert Youlou of the Congo (Brazzaville), ousted by a pro-Red Chinese regime a year ago, has made good his escape to Léopoldville, can be counted on to help Moise Tshombe oppose the new anti-Tshombe clique in Brazzaville. . . . You can't make an omelet, etc.: Dr. Hastings Banda of Malawi (ex-Northern Rhodesia) says he proposes staying in power ("maintaining the political stability of the country" is the way he puts it) even if he has to "detain" 10,000 or 100,000 persons. "When a country is building its institutions it has to do many nasty things," he explains.

Income tax note: Internal Revenue Service says it got tips on tax evasions from 100,000 persons last year; that investigations of those tips brought government additional $18 million in taxes. Only one out of every 20 informants claims a reward. . . . Washingtonians pointing out that Sargent Shriver's Poverty Shop is doing all right by itself. Shriver's Table of Organization calls for over 50 slots in the $19,000 plus per year category.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, famous babyologist and political baby, feels he should "apologize to any people who were influenced during the election campaign by my assurances that this Administration would work constantly for peace." Spock lashed out against the use of tear gas in Vietnam as an "immoral" act.

Punch Ben Roth Agency

"This is CAM 26749—our automatic answering device is away for repair, this is a person, can I help you?"

To date, government has spent $1 million on the Warren Commission investigation and report. . . . Campus revolt of different sort. At Yale last month the Political Union debated proposition: "Resolved: The Post Office should not be a federal monopoly," passed 2-1.

Recently observed graffiti in a NYC subway station. Above, "God is dead"—Nietzsche. Underneath it, in heavy handwriting, "Nietzsche is dead"—God.

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BULLETIN 709 Series K Size 3 full voltage starter rated 30 hp, 240 v; 50 hp, 480-600 v. Its pressure molded coil is shown at left.

Field experience confirms original tests

*Allen-Bradley Series K starter coils have proved so nearly perfect they will be replaced free of charge should a failure occur**

■ Since the new Bulletin 709 Series K starter line was first offered for sale in March, 1961, the records we maintain on field troubles revealed an almost complete absence of so-called coil failures. We were astonished to find the number was actually less than 10, including several where the reason for the failure was questionable—especially since several million Allen-Bradley Series K starters are in service.

With this history of performance—in every imaginable type of service and corrosive atmospheres—Series K pressure molded coils can certainly be claimed to be almost 100% trouble free. It is for this reason that we give our customers the benefit of our experience—we will replace any Series K starter coil that fails while properly applied, without charge. Naturally, this cannot be extended to cases of mechanical damage or where the coil has not been used according to its nameplate specifications.

When buying motor control, and you may be tempted by an extra discount, wouldn't it be better to balance such questionable saving against the *plus values* that are built into all Allen-Bradley Series K control? For instance, a coil failure on a production line could be very expensive in terms of lost production. Obviously, this is something you don't have to worry about when you use A-B Series K control.

There are other plus values built into this control of equal *value* to you. A-B control will continue to save you money throughout its long life of millions of trouble free operations.

Why not have your local Allen-Bradley appointed distributor demonstrate to you the many other "extras" built into all Series K starters. Please contact him today, or write for Publication 6110: Allen-Bradley Co., 1210 S. Third Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53204. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.

**Mechanical damage or using coil on other than nameplate voltage and frequency voids this offer.*

A-B QUALITY

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QUALITY MOTOR CONTROL

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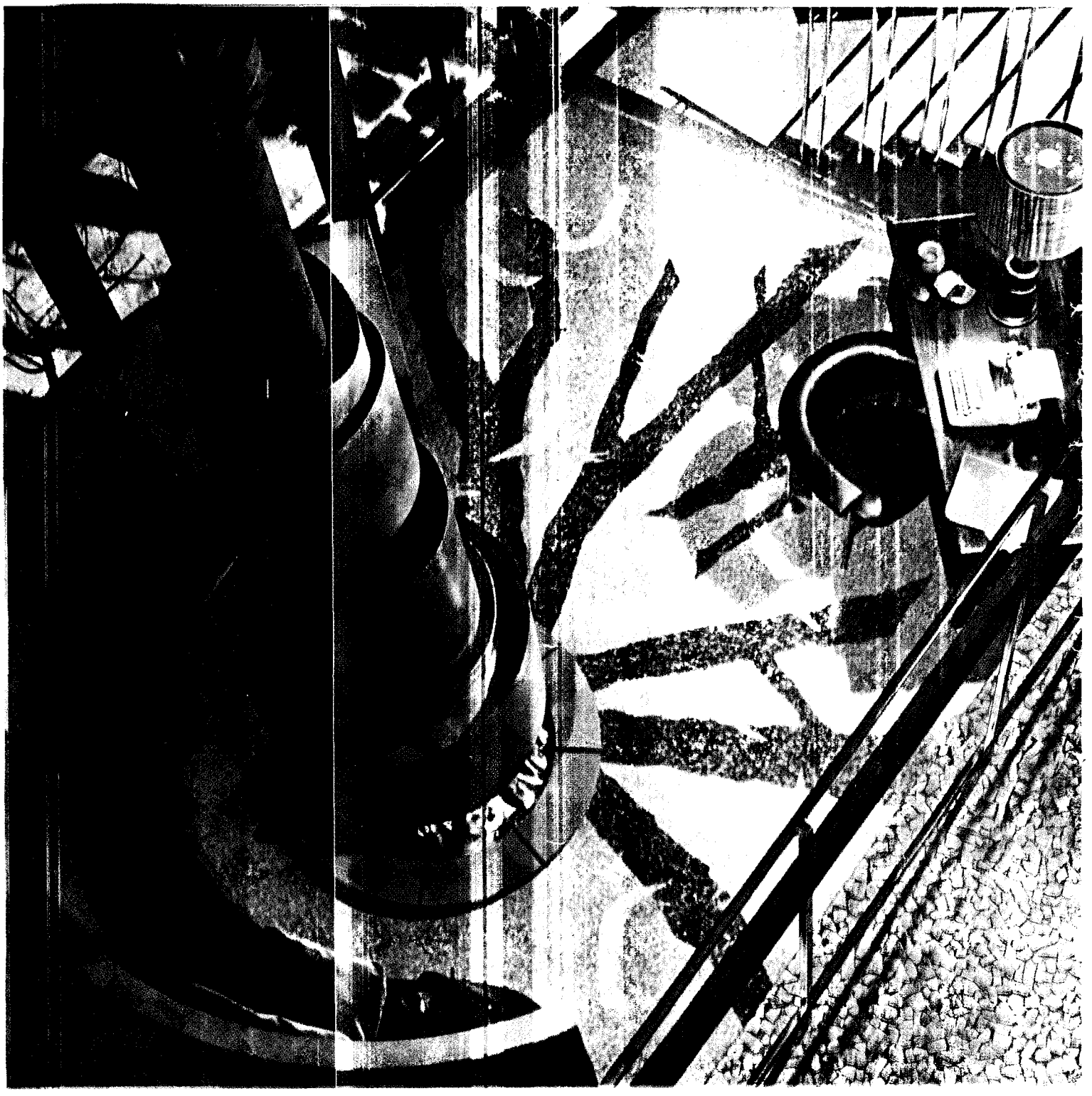


Inspiration: Canadian [illegible]

Floor: Montina Vinyl Corlon

This floor captures the rugged beauty of nature and brings it indoors. It's Montina Corlon—a new vinyl floor by Armstrong.

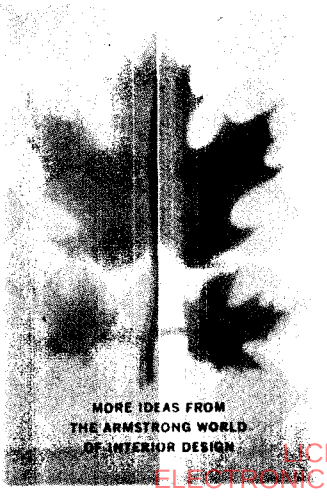
Montina is made of stone-like chips of vinyl veined with color. They are set in deep, translucent vinyl, to create intriguing, pebbly texture.

This textured surface helps hide scuffs and heel marks.

Because Montina comes in wide rolls, there's scarcely a seam, wall to wall. Or contrasting colors can be combined in all sorts of custom designs.

And Montina can be used anywhere in the home—even in most downstairs playrooms, directly over the concrete.

IDEA BOOKLET! "The Armstrong World of Interior Design"—24 color pages of internationally inspired rooms full of decorating ideas you can use. Send 25¢ to Armstrong, 6504 Weston Rd., Lancaster, Pa. Floor shown: 86713, 86705, 86701. Montina® and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.



VINYL FLOORS BY Armstrong

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